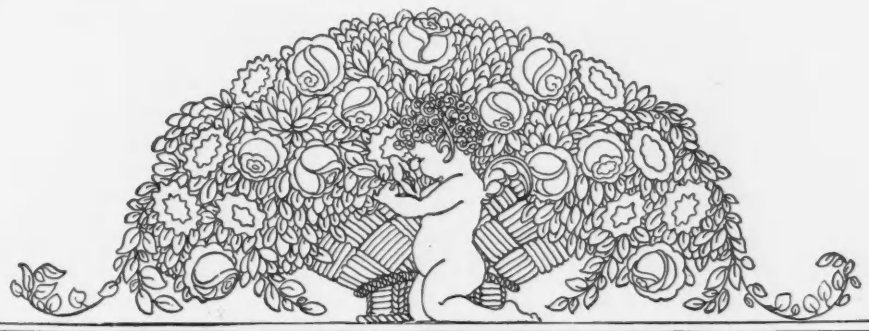

Volume VIII
Number IV

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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MADE IN U. S. A.

This Little Girl has just thought how to get a wrist watch!

Sometimes, if you're *very* clever, you can get things without even asking for them. This little girl has just thought of a happy plan for having a watch of her own. She's going to whisper to Daddy to give Mother a new wrist watch. Then *she* will inherit the watch Mother has now. So everybody will be happy. Isn't that a good idea?

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So you'd be doing Father a favor, too . . . helping him select such a perfect gift. And Mother will be delighted . . . and *you* will have Mother's present watch to wear for your very own!

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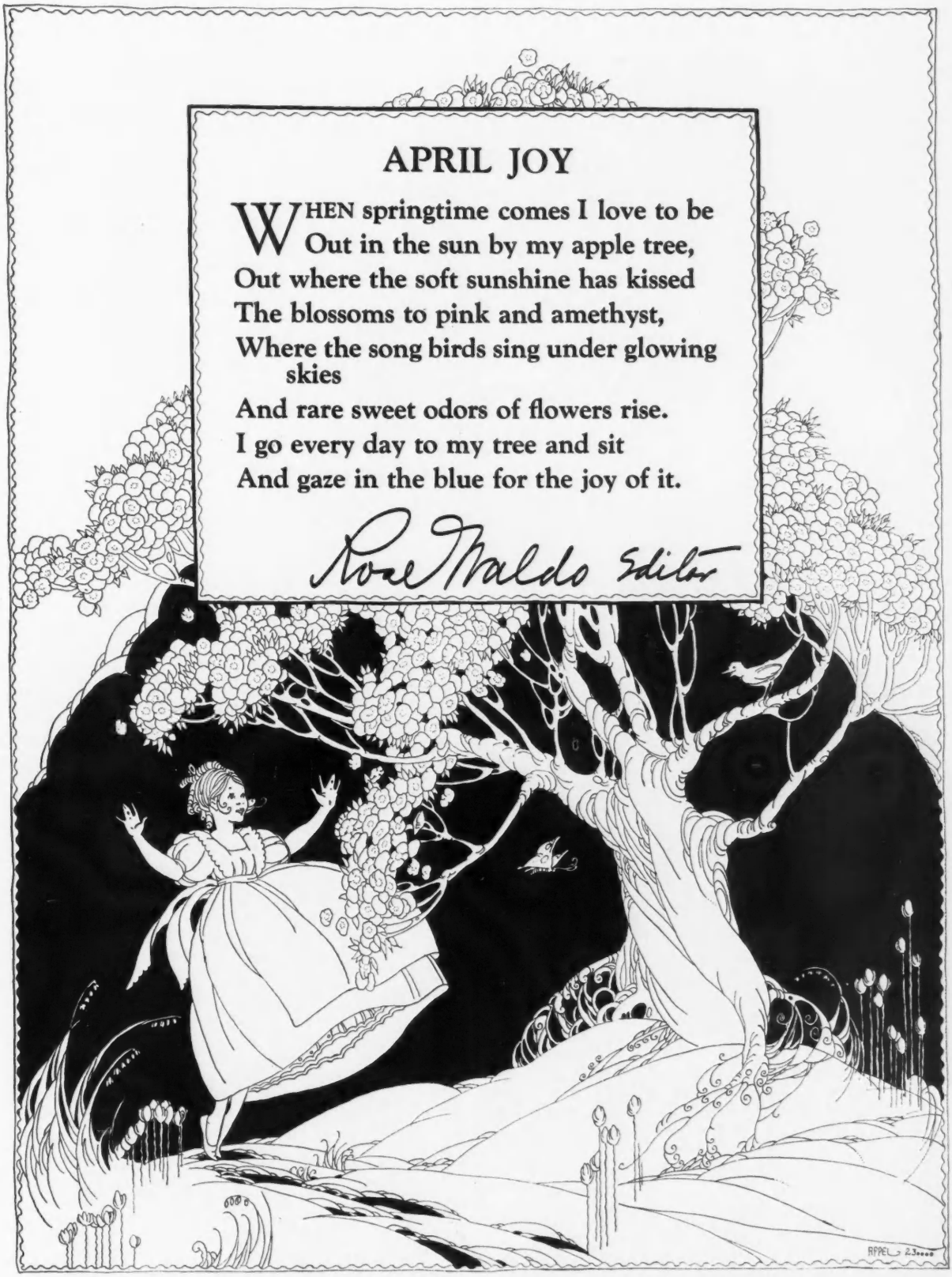
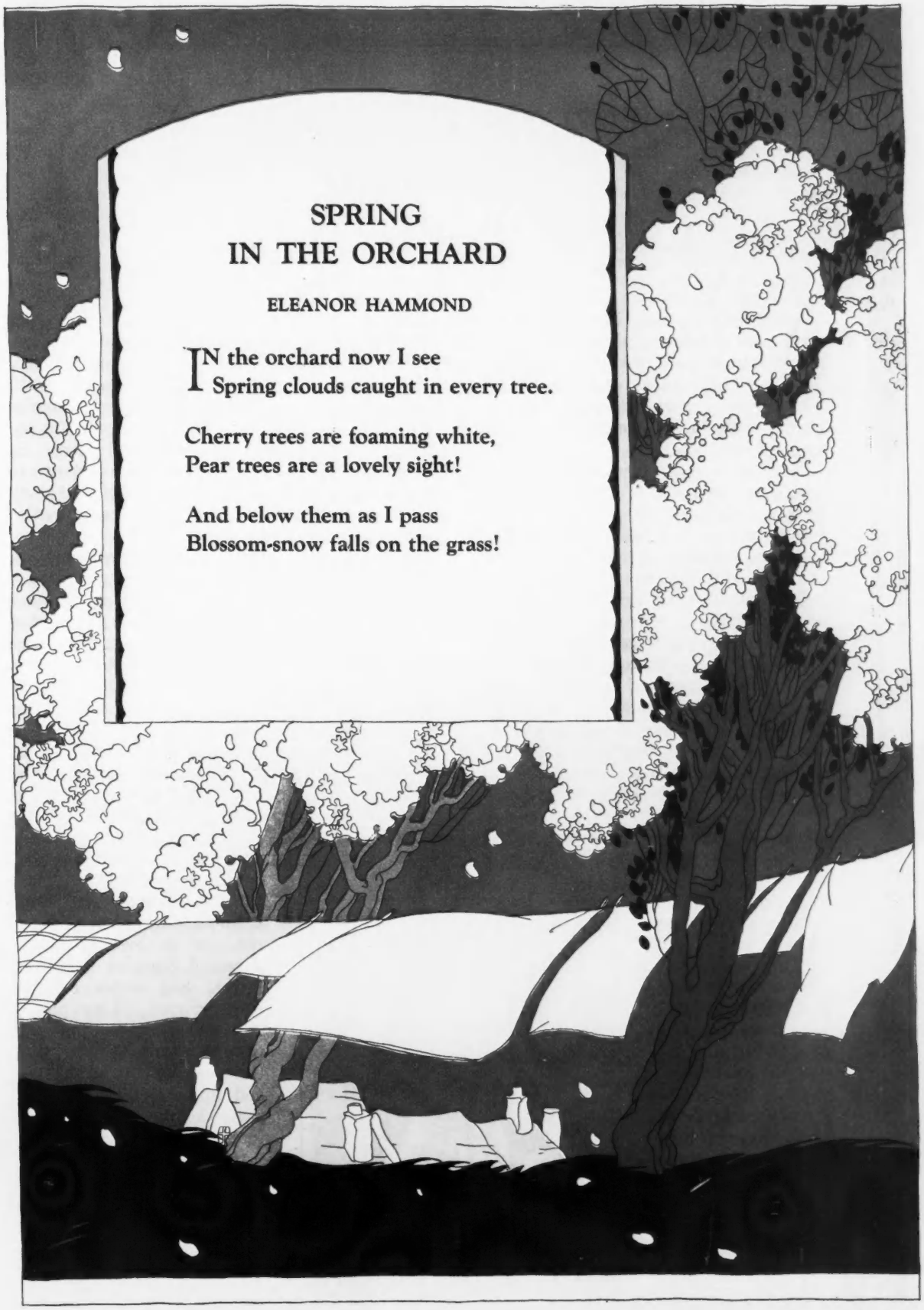

APRIL JOY
WHEN springtime comes I love to be
Out in the sun by my apple tree,
Out where the soft sunshine has kissed
The blossoms to pink and amethyst,
Where the song birds sing under glowing skies
And rare sweet odors of flowers rise.
I go every day to my tree and sit
And gaze in the blue for the joy of it.
Rose Waldo Editor

In response to many requests for the work of this artist, we are reprinting the above drawing—Editor

Janet Laura Scott



SPRING IN THE ORCHARD

ELEANOR HAMMOND

IN the orchard now I see
Spring clouds caught in every tree.

Cherry trees are foaming white,
Pear trees are a lovely sight!

And below them as I pass
Blossom-snow falls on the grass!

QUEENS OF SONG IN MUSIC LAND

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Ex-president of the Society of American Musicians. Late of the Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

APRIL is here! Let's leave the fire and talk about song birds. The northland is freed from snow and ice, and "our little brothers and sisters of the air" (as St. Francis called the birds) are coming back to the Northland from the sunny South.

Now, listen, I am going to tell you of song birds in April, of song birds that walk and talk, of great women singers who have sung such beauty and joy into the lives of millions of listeners that they are crowned as Queens of Songland.

Only last night, in this land of flowers and singing birds where I live, I heard just such a royal singer, the beautiful Marie Jeritza. She sang the red and yellow dance tunes of "Carmen," the Spanish gypsy girl, as if she herself were a wood bird and had never needed nor experienced the drudgery of practicing scales and memorizing long operas. I don't suppose birds have to practice, do you?

But the truth is that Madam Jeritza and the other winners of the highest honors in Songland have had to work, work, and then keep on working. The lives of all celebrated song birds of the past and present tell the same story, that a musical gift may be one-third of success, but that the remaining two-thirds lie in intelligent and continuous work (practice and study).

One of the first great women singers to be heard in America who won all hearts was lovingly called "The Swedish Nightingale." Many times my mother and father have told me of Jenny Lind's wonderful singing, and in the same breath they told of her goodness. When she was but nine years old, this little flaxen-haired girl sang for the Singing Master of the Stockholm Royal Opera. So promising was her voice that she was bound over to the king's theater for a seven-year term of hard study and drill, much as a boy used to be apprenticed to a tradesman to learn a certain trade.

Now it is no exaggeration to say that many musical children of nine have sweet voices and good memories, but only one out of many hundreds can be found having the grit and gumption (Do you know what gumption is?) to work unceasingly and to take infinite pains to do better and always better work. But Jenny Lind was one who worked, sang, and conquered, as every one of the really famous "song birds" after her has done.

Most of the world renowned women vocalists are sopranos (high voices), and the queen of them all—in my boyhood days—was the marvelous Adelina Patti. For fifty years she was considered the finest singer in the world. Madam Patti's father was a Sicilian, and her mother a Roman. Both were professional opera singers. They brought Adelina to New York when she was but three years old, and at seven years she appeared there as a concert singer. She writes of this early triumph, "I was placed in a concert hall on a table near the piano, in order that the audience might see me and my doll as well. And thank heaven, I did sing at that concert, for my success started then, and my singing saved my father and mother from poverty." Before she was ten Adelina

had sung in more than three hundred concerts in the United States, Mexico and Cuba. From that time on her long and active life brought her ever increasing honor and wealth. Her total earnings amounted to almost four million dollars. Not only did Adelina Patti possess the voice of a bird, but she had, too, the brains of a genius. She memorized and sang many times forty-one grand opera roles, and she mastered the words and music of her parts by singing them over softly four or five times only. This Queen passed away in her really-truly castle in Wales, just a few years ago, and the entire musical world paid her highest honor.

One of Patti's true admirers was the great German singer, Frau Lilli Lehmann. Frau Lehmann is still teaching a few fortunate ones, although she is this year *eighty years young*. All of her life she has been the hardest kind of a worker in every branch of her musical profession, and she attributes her fame to health, brains, voice and work.

One of our first really distinguished American opera singers—Madam Emma Eames—was a member, with Frau Lehmann, of the same company, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. As a musical lad, and a gallery opera "fan," I heard her often. Never will I forget the loveliness of her voice, or of her whole person, as Marguerite in the opera of "Faust."

Well, as I said before, success depends on hard work and the lives of the celebrated "song birds" will prove that statement to be true. The great Nellie Melba, who took a part of the name of her native city (Melbourne, Australia), as her stage name, after winning world-wide fame, is still living in her beloved home where she is the inspiration of all musical life. Marcella Sembrich, the noted Polish singer, in addition to being a beautiful singer, is a good performer on both piano and violin.

I wish I could say something to my young musical readers that would make them realize how necessary it is for voice students to gain a background of piano playing, to have a knowledge of harmony, to be able to read notes rapidly and correctly. All the famous women in music whom I have mentioned, and those still to be named, were (or are now) all-around, trained musicians as well as specially trained singers. Hundreds of failures would be avoided if American girls would equip themselves with a thorough musical foundation before they launched out as professional singers.

All of you would enjoy hearing our good and gifted Schumann-Heink tell the story of her rise to fame. She, of all singers, would inspire you to thoroughly prepare for success by beginning right now to be better students in school.

The names of Emma Calve, Lillian Nordica, Louise Homer, Geraldine Farrar, and Mary Garden should be known to American children, especially the last four, for they are American artists of whom we are very proud. The story of Mary Garden, who is to-day one of our greatest singing actresses, is worth telling. Miss Garden was born in Scotland and was brought to America by her parents when still a child. At the age of six her mother started her in violin playing, and six years later Miss Garden appeared in concert as a violinist. However, she wanted to be a pianist, so she began piano practice with her brains and fingers, working five hours a day at the keyboard. After a few years along this line she proved that she could also sing and act, so she turned about, borrowed twenty thousand dollars from a wealthy woman, who had twenty thousand dollars worth of faith in her ability and future, and across the Atlantic she went, to Paris to study opera.

Two years of hard study and her great chance came to sing a very important role at the Opera Comique in Paris. This opportunity came because of the illness of the singer who was to do the part, and it came to Miss Garden at the eleventh hour, but with no rehearsals nor experience to back her she was ready and eager to

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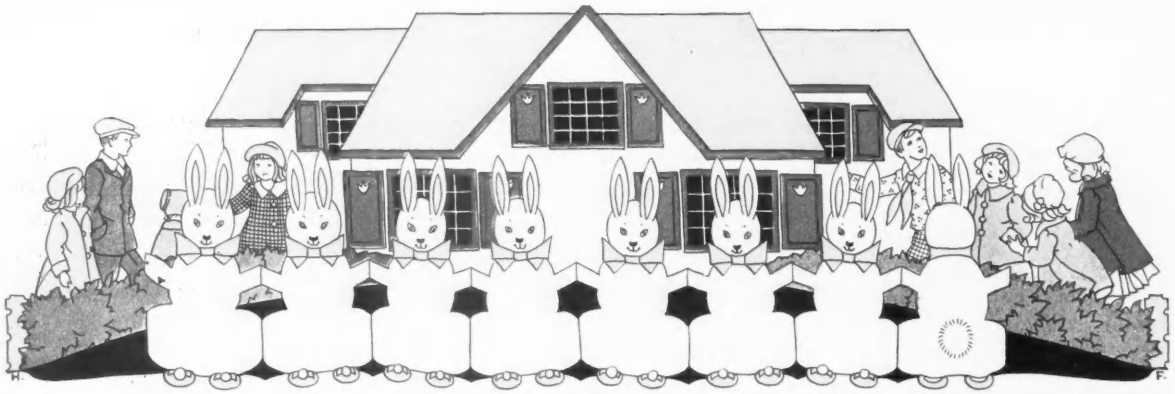

AN EASTER BUNNY PARTY

By JEAN WALDEN

WHAT fun it's going to be to have an Easter party, but how much *more* fun to have a bunny party! There should be an Easter egg hunt, of course, and lively games, and cunning bunny favors to take home, and oh, just the dearest little invitations in the world!

To make twelve invitations, we shall need twelve strips of plain white paper measuring about twelve inches long by five or six inches wide. Each strip is then folded back and forth in such a way that eight bunnies (joined together and measuring one and a half inches across and about five inches tall) can be cut out all at once. Don't you remember how we used to fold paper in this way, and cut out rows and rows of paper dolls whose hands were joined together in an almost soldierly position? Well—these invitations are made in exactly the same way.

When these eight bunnies are spread out there should be just two lines of the invitation written on each bunny. When they are folded together, one behind the other, the name of the boy or girl to whom the invitation is sent should be written on the *outside* of the *first bunny*.

This is the way the invitation appears:

Said the First Easter Rabbit,
"Here's an invitation. Grab it!"

Said Bunny number Two,
"April ..... you are due."

Spoke Bunny number Three,
"It's a party, don't you see?"

Said Bunny Four, "Oh yes,
..... is the address!"

Said Bunny number Five,
"At ..... o'clock you must arrive!"

Said the Sixth Bunny dear,
"Please promise you'll be here."

Said the last Bunny-Bun,
"Then we'll ALL have LOTS OF FUN!"

The name of the little host or hostess should be written on the eighth or last bunny, while on the *back* of this droll little fellow should be pasted the tiniest bit of cotton just to show that he is not only a wonderful Easter rabbit, but he is a *real cottontail* as well! There must be something magical about this little dab of cotton, for it *always* makes boys and girls *want* to come to your party!

And when they arrive—well, what do you think happens? Why, *everybody* is given the most adorable pink bunny-bag in the world—to keep! These are made of inexpensive pink tarleton, or theatrical gauze, cut out double in the shape of a bunny's head with long ears. The eyes, nose and mouth are painted on one side, while small pink ribbons are laced through the large holes

which are always found in coarsely-woven materials. These ribbons serve as drawstrings, and are placed just below the "ears." The sides and bottom of the bag are sewed together on the sewing machine.

When the signal is given for the Easter egg hunt to begin, these little bunny-bags are found to be very useful for holding all the candy jelly beans which the boys and girls find hidden in every corner of the house. A few large china "prize" eggs make the search even more thrilling!

After the excitement of the egg-hunt has died down a bit, all the children are asked to sit in a circle on the floor. A sheet of paper on which is drawn the picture of a bunny with his back turned is pinned to the wall. Each boy and girl is, in turn, blindfolded and given a small ball of cotton with a pin through it. The difficulty lies in pinning the cotton tail on Mr. Bunny, but should any little guest succeed, he or she may be given a nest of candy eggs for a prize.

The next game is called "Hen and Chickens" and is lots of fun. A leader is chosen for the "Hen," and the rest of the players are Chickens. There is one, however, who is the naughty Chicken-hawk.

All players stand in a line holding on to the coat-tails or skirt of the one ahead. They start to march, with the Hen as the leader of the line. The Hawk stands at some distance away, and as the line begins to march, he flaps his wings and calls out, "How many chicks have you?" The Hen replies, "I have ten, shoo! shoo!" The Hawk shouts, "That's too many. I'll take a few!" and runs after the chickens, trying to tag them. The Hen, of course, tries to protect her chicks by hiding them underneath her wings. If she holds out her arms and the chicks huddle underneath, they are supposed to be *safe* and cannot be tagged. The chicks must not leave the brood by letting go their hold on each other's clothes. When the Hen or a Chicken is tagged, another Hen and Hawk are chosen, and the game continues. If the weather is pleasant this game can be played much more easily out-of-doors.

One of the grown-ups next places a large bunny, cut from white cardboard, upon the floor, and asks the boys and girls to sit down all around it. This bunny has been marked off into large irregular sections. An exact copy of Mr. Bunny has been cut from another sheet of cardboard, except that upon this second one the features, whiskers, etc., have been painted. Afterwards, this second bunny has been cut into as many irregular sections as there are guests, and one piece given to every boy and girl. Each player is then told to fit his or her section into its proper place upon the outline of the rabbit on the floor, and so make complete the Easter Bunny.

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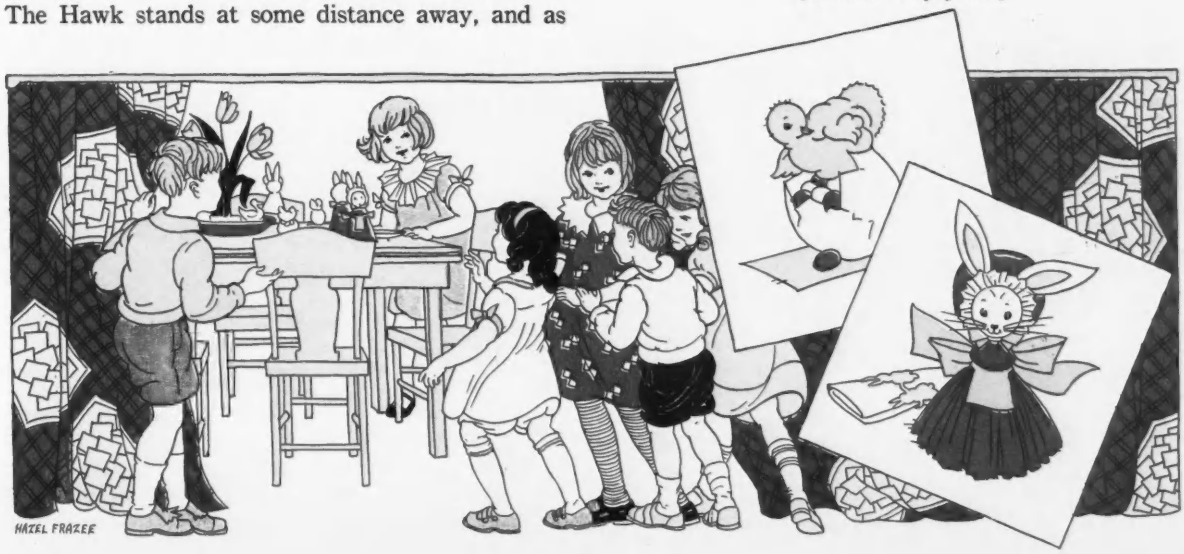

THE ADOPTING OF PETER MALONE

By RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD

GRANDMA was the funniest lady! When she wanted Betty Sue and Sally Lou to help she asked them in such a manner that they felt they were being allowed to play a jolly game. For instance, if she wanted the strawberries picked she would call, "Who wants double strawberry shortcake with whipped cream for dinner?"

"I do. I do," two eager voices would reply.

"All right," Grandma would chuckle. "Here are my two prettiest baskets. You may line them with grape leaves, take them to the garden, and pick the very biggest, reddest berries you can find for my shortcake. Then it will be your shortcake, too."

So now this vacation when Sally Lou and Betty Sue were spending a week on the farm, Grandma was feeling rather stiff and lazy, and not at all like stooping and bending to gather eggs. But she did not say, "Girls, I am getting ever so much too fat to hunt eggs. You must do this job for me while you are here."

No! Instead she said, "Sally Lou and Betty Sue, I've thought of the nicest game—one which shall last all the time you are here. We will have a long Easter egg hunt. You may start to-day and no one shall gather an egg but you two girls. On Easter Sunday I shall give to the little girl who has gathered the most eggs a present." Then, just as the chums expected, she laughed and said, "I shall also give a present to the little girl who hasn't found the most eggs, because she *didn't* find the most eggs."

Wasn't that jolly?

Every evening before supper Betty Sue and Sally Lou took tin pails, and planted their small feet in an even line on Grandma's back porch. When Grandma counted, "One! Two! Three!" off like the wind they started. There were so many places to look—down in the meadow and on the weed-grown ditch banks, upon the haystacks and under the sidewalks, beneath the wood pile and under the shrubbery row. Last of all they ran together to the hen house and evenly divided the eggs they found there.

The first day of the race Betty Sue gathered the most eggs, and the next day Sally Lou was ahead. Then Betty Sue beat her for several days, and Sally Lou was cross about it. But it was her own fault, for on the fourth day she climbed a tall haystack with a bucket in her hand. And there were eight white eggs in the bucket that she had just finished gathering. Suddenly Sally's feet slipped, and down the stack

she went, head first, sliding into the midst of some sorry-looking eggs. And broken eggs didn't count—Grandma had said so.

"Grandma," she shouted, bursting into the kitchen where Grandma was making apple dumplings for supper, "that old red hen makes me so mad! I could find as many eggs as Betty Sue if she would get off her nest. She is under the big gooseberry bush behind the garage, and when I go near her she ruffles all her feathers and pecks at my hand."

"Maybe you have found a hen who has stolen her nest. Wait until I slide these dumplings into the oven and I will go into the garden with you."

I wish you could have seen that old red hen ruffle her feathers and stick out her neck, and I wish you could have heard the angry noises she made when Grandma went close. But Grandma was used to scolding hens; she took her two fat little hands and lifted the old Rhode Island Red from her nest, and there, sure enough, just as she expected, were eggs. Sixteen in all, Sally counted. She started delightedly to gather them but Grandma said, "Wait, child, wait. I wouldn't be surprised if those eggs are nearly ready to hatch. You may count the eggs, but do not disturb them."

When the eggs were added up Sally Lou was four ahead of Betty Sue. The next day Betty gathered the most, but Sally Lou had lost all interest in the race. Something wonderful had happened. Near the old red hen's nest there was a soft peep, peep, and when Grandma lifted the hen she found that a number of the eggs had hatched. By night, there were fifteen downy baby chicks. All were rugged and strong but one, and it was so little and wabbly that Grandma said, "We will put this little fellow in a strawberry box, cover him with flannel, and keep him in the kitchen a few days. As you found him, Sally Lou, I shall let you adopt him and be his mother."

Sally was so delighted that she spent most of her time watching Peter Malone, as she named her chick. Meanwhile Betty Sue helped Grandma in the flower garden; and so the happy week passed and Easter morning came. Sally did not seem at all sorry that Betty had gathered the most eggs. She remembered that she had insisted on carrying Peter Malone with her whenever she went egg hunting, and the gathering had consequently been very slow. And she liked Peter so well she didn't mind.

After the usual Easter morning egg hunt, when each little girl found ever so many eggs, candy rabbits, and cooky bunnies hidden in all sorts of unexpected places in the yard, Grandma awarded the prizes. Betty received a big turkey egg, colored green, for finding the most eggs, and what do you think Grandma gave Sally for *not* finding the most eggs? She gave her *Peter Malone!* Sally Lou was certainly surprised.

Sally Lou had been shedding tears at the thought of parting from her beloved chicken, but now the tears changed to squeals of joy.

Grandma little dreamed of the trouble she was storing up for Sally Lou and her family, for it turned out that Peter Malone was a peeping chicken. He peeped if he was hungry and if he wasn't; if he wanted Sally and if he didn't. In fact, he made himself such a nuisance, and every one grew tired of seeing the lonely little chicken wandering about peeping so dismally. One day, after Father had scolded and Mother had sighed, after each of the four brothers had threatened to wring Peter's neck, and after Betty had run home with her fingers in her ears to drown out the sound of Peter's shrill peeping, Sally Lou lost patience.

"Peter Malone," she said, "we cannot stand you any longer, and I am going to send you to Grandma's farm the very first chance I get."

Peter did not seem to care—he just kept on peeping.

So the next time Father was going on a long auto

[*Continued on page 188*]

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE WOOD

By NANCY BYRD TURNER
Author of "*Magpie Lane*," etc.

THE little South Wind was young and not very bold. He hung back shyly when April, his mother, told him that it was time for him to go into the wood.

"But what shall I do in the wood?" he said.

His task would be very easy, April answered. He need do nothing but simply run around among the trees for a whole day.

"That will worry Winter," she said, "and make him go. Then, too, the woods will be delighted to have you there."

But still South Wind hung back. "I like the meadow best," he said.

"You are needed in the woods," his mother reminded him gently.

"But there may be bears in the wood. Who knows?"

April smiled. "There are none," she said. "But even if there were—how could a bear hurt a Wind?"

South Wind hung his head. Then he whimpered, "I might get lost, you see."

"Then I would come and look for you—and find you," his mother replied.

South Wind breathed hard for a little while. At last he faltered, "I will go to the edge, but I may turn back."

So he went creeping to the edge of the woods. Everything seemed very still there, but as he drew nearer, a bare bush began to stir. Then the low, heavy bough of a tree moved a little.

"He has come," South Wind heard a small voice say.

"I know that," said another voice. "Already my buds are swelling."

Wondering, South Wind went on. As he went, other boughs and bushes stirred, and every now and then he heard little glad words of welcome. He began to feel very happy.

After a while he came to a brook. The water was flowing along under a skim of ice. It made a gurgling sound as it went.

"O South Wind," the brook said,

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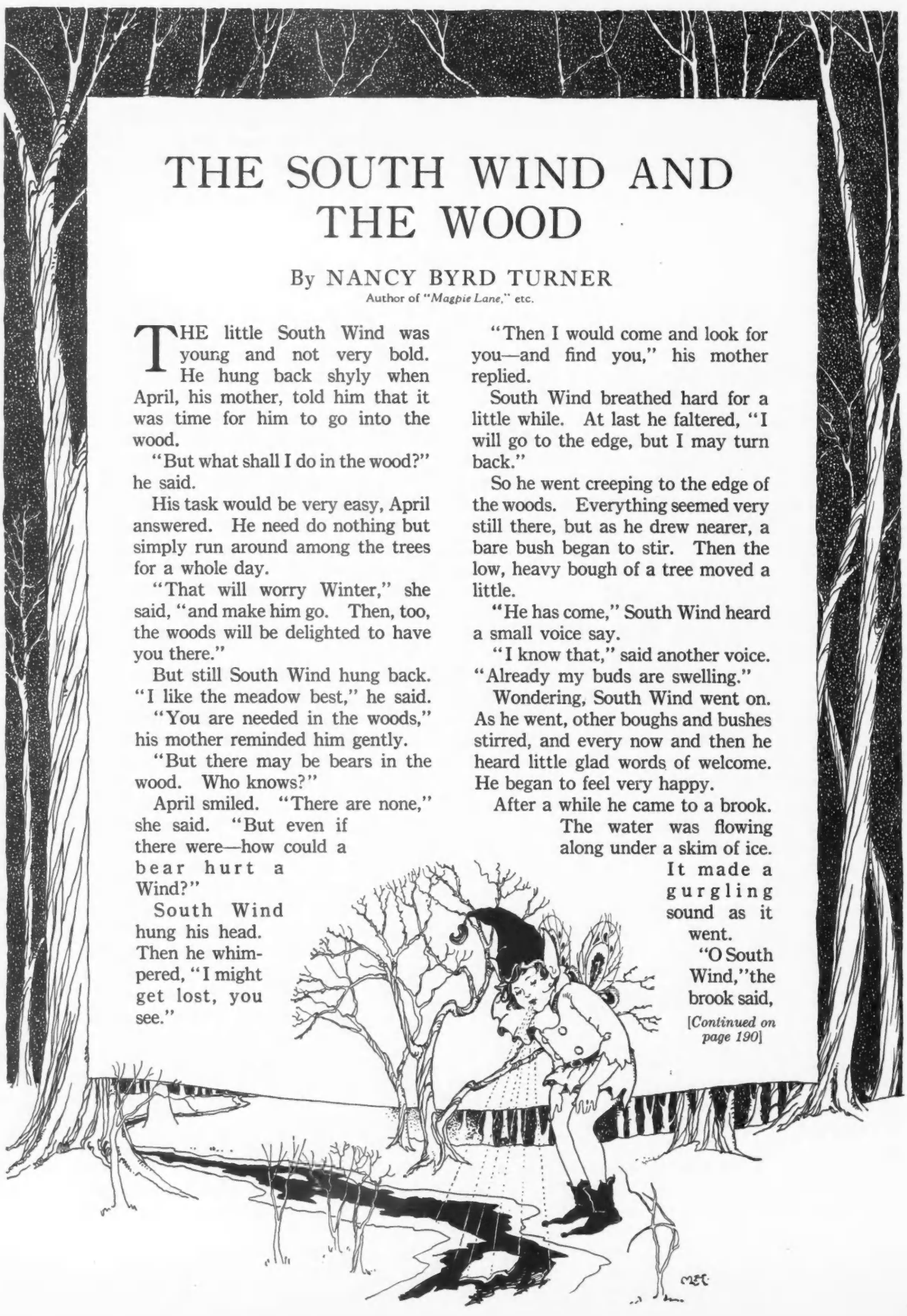


APRIL'S CHRISTMAS GOLD

By CLIFF BARRETT

THE Pine Tree Patrol, Troop 21, Marathon County, swung briskly along a winter corduroy. Their way led through wood and swamp, across field and hill toward the Rib River—seven miles as the crow flies.

The boys were well clad—booted, with stout breeches, flannel shirts, plaid mackinaws of red and green and tassel caps. Either a knife or a hatchet swung from their hips. All carried short ropes looped and thrust through their belts. They were the crack patrol of a crack scout troop.

Tiny Wright, patrol leader, had legs that were as tireless as they were long. So thought Bob Martin, the only tenderfoot in the patrol. Bob kept up. He had to jog to do so. He was short, stocky, and blue-eyed, with a freckled nose, a wide humorous mouth and a square jaw. His cap was rolled jauntily above his ears, and, as he walked, he whistled a tune to match the fine morning. Though snow still clung to the thickets, the maples were bursting with sap. It was Saturday, the first good day in the week. The scouts stopped to look at signs in nature's dairy. Girdled poplar saplings showed the height of the winter snows and told the story of a hungry rabbit—so hungry that he had to eat rings around the poplars. Feathers beneath a tall hollow tree told of the presence of a taloned and hook-beaked owl with feathers white as the winter snow. Green shoots beneath the damp leaves showed promise of purple violets soon to come.

As they hiked along the boys talked of many things to be done on the summer vacation, and one thing above all. There was a piece of ground at the edge of town covered by a thick grove of pine and hemlock, which the troop had planned to buy. Jim MacIntyre, a thrifty retired farmer, owned it. He was interested in the doings of the boys, and told them he would give them the land the day they could show him a bank account of three hundred dollars. They now had a hundred and seventy recorded in the little black bank book.

MacLaughlin Bruce, the thrifty Scot who was troop treasurer, was talking to Tiny and Ralph Horn about ways they might earn the rest of the money. Bob, trudging along at their heels, listened to their conversation. They did not seem to be able to think up a way. Finally, Tiny spoke.

"It would be great if we could find old Mr. Robins' gold!" he said.

Last Christmas the rich lumberman had been following the river trail afoot, when he had slipped, fallen over the bank and into an open hole at a curve in the river. He got out but in doing so he had to let go of his black bag of gold pieces he was taking to his men. It was now springtime and no one had laid eyes on the gold, though many had looked for it.

Bob thought that he would like to be with the boys when they went up to see the place where the gold was lost.

It was nearly noon when the patrol dipped down a low ridge, crossed the hummocks of a swamp and emerged on the higher and solid ground of the river bank, their stopping place. Great slabs of ice, some as large as piano boxes, were scattered about. To the south the open river flowed in brown foam-flecked swirls towards the mill, half a mile below.

The scouts split up in pairs and scoured the neighborhood for wood. It was plentiful. They soon had a supply stacked between two ice cakes. The drift thrown up on the bank with the ice was still too wet and soggy to be used. The boys had two fires going in short order.

"When do we eat?" fat Henry Schmidt yelled lustily. Every one laughed.

The eggs arrived, and were soon sizzling with the curling bacon in the pans. Bread was cut and buttered. Tiny started sorting the pickles from the olives, swallowing a few in the process. Johnnie

Watson was getting out a large can of his mother's jam which he had lugged for seven long miles, and now several of his friends were trying to sample it.

"Wonder who will wash the dishes to-day." Arnold Coleman grinned.

The patrol had a law that the fellow having the first cooking accident was the fellow who washed dishes.

"It won't be me. I am careful since I dumped the beans in the fire," said Bob. "I washed them the last time for that." He poured the white contents of a paper bag into the pan and watched his steaming cocoa with pride.

"No one has fumbled a crumb, so far," said Tiny. "We'll draw lots for the man if no one slips up."

"Not yours truly," returned Bob emphatically. "Me for going up river to see the place where the old lumberman fell in with the Christmas gold!"

With their lunch on the plates the fellows lined up cup in hand while Bob poured the cocoa. Some of them set their cups on neighboring ice cakes to cool a bit. Tiny was the first one to decide to sample his.

He started out with a healthy swallow. A look of pained surprise flitted across his face. He gurgled and swallowed part of it and coughed the rest out on his breeches leg. They all laughed at him.

"You'll learn the difference between hot and cold some day," Ralph teased him.

"Hot, me eye, "Tiny sputtered, "that cocoa—"

He stopped. His face was blank. But his eyes were full of cunning, cunning that Ralph could not see behind the tears.

"Yours ought to be cold after standing on that ice. Let's see you drink, Mr. Wise Man," Tiny said.

"All right," said Ralph, rising and seizing his cup. "A toast to you—here's wishing you good health with a full cup, which in a minute will be as empty as your head."

"Tiny did not pay any attention to the remark about his head. "Let 'er go!" He grinned.

Ralph took a mighty drink. There was another geyser, bigger than the first. The rest of the fellows and Tiny doubled up with mirth.

Ralph held out his hand. "Shake, Tiny," he said. "I'll take that back about your head. You certainly did me up brown," He looked sadly at his cocoa-stained handkerchief. "Bob, do you always make cocoa that way?"

"I—I don't know," Bob stuttered, blushing as he looked about at the circle of interested boys. "I didn't doctor it!"

"I have it!" Tom Baker shouted. "I've just been salting my eggs with sugar."

"What's that got to do with the cocoa mystery, Mr. Detective?" Ralph asked sharply.

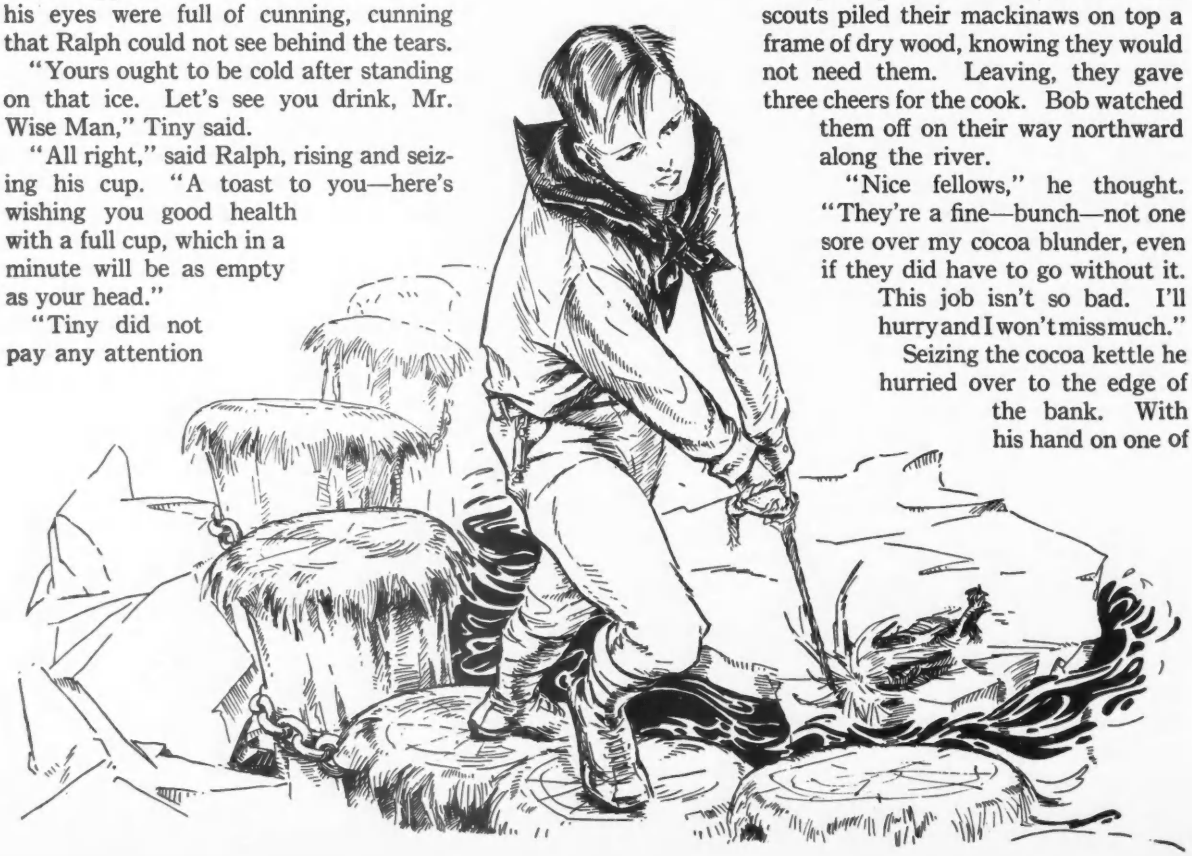
"Well," said Tom, taking his time, for he saw every one was watching him, "I lugged both bags of sugar and salt in my knapsack. They were about the same size because my mother was short of sugar and had plenty of salt in the pantry. Bob picked up the wrong bag. Result, salty cocoa."

Bob was cleared, but he was far from happy, when Tiny, with the noisy seconding of the rest, called him "chief cook and bottle washer." He didn't let them see that he was disappointed though, at losing his chance to go with the others to the place where the gold had disappeared.

The sun was shining brightly and the day was balmy, in spite of the stiff breezes. The scouts piled their mackinaws on top a frame of dry wood, knowing they would not need them. Leaving, they gave three cheers for the cook. Bob watched them off on their way northward along the river.

"Nice fellows," he thought. "They're a fine—bunch—not one sore over my cocoa blunder, even if they did have to go without it. This job isn't so bad. I'll hurry and I won't miss much."

Seizing the cocoa kettle he hurried over to the edge of the bank. With his hand on one of



the rusty chains he edged his way sidewise out over the river on the damp timber bolted to the piling. Stooping, he rinsed the kettle and scooping up a supply of water he made his way back to the bank.

He put the kettle on the fire to heat, and stored the left-over food in knapsacks, burning the waste afterward. The tin mess kit plates, knives, forks, spoons and cups were washed and put away in no time. Three large frying pans were left. The water in the kettle was greasy. Bob started out over the timber to get some more.

While he was stooping to fill the kettle he could look down the long line of piling. Something caught his eye. It looked like a forearm and a hand with long thin fingers. It hung from a huge cake of ice that had been thrown up and across a pile. Bob noticed that the only thing that kept the cake from falling into the river was its balance on the pile. Setting his kettle of water on the timber he started out to look things over. With his hands gripping the chain he easily made the forty or fifty feet to the cake of ice.

He was disappointed. The arm and hand of forty feet away were only a black snag frozen into the ice near the edge facing him. It did not even look like an arm and hand. A few long jagged, splintered ends where the snag had been broken off were the things that looked like fingers.

Bob was turning away when he thought that he would like to see the huge cake go slipping down into the river. It wouldn't do to pull the cake off from below, so he hunched down to crawl under it, thinking it would be easier to get on top of the jam from the other side. He didn't stoop low enough. The sharp ends of the snag scraped the tassle cap from his head. He snatched at it. The cap dropped into the river.

That threw him out of balance, and he swung about with his back to the piles. One arm was free. With the other he clung to the chain. His right foot hung over the timber edge. From his dangerous position his eyes looked upward. He saw something in the ice above his head. Looking closer, he nearly lost what little grip he had.

The under surface of the cake was uneven. Black spots showed through at the hollows near the snag. Where the snag entered the ice near the outer edge something round encircled it like the head of a black, iron staple of great size. It looked like a handle. A brass-bound corner sticking out of the ice told him what the object frozen into the cake really was.

"Gosh," Bob breathed hoarsely, "the—the g-gold —the black bag."

For a few long moments after the discovery, Bob's mind was a jumble. He didn't dare to move—the brown waters of the Rib were waiting. Finally, his head cleared and he got out of his cramped position and stood up. How could he get his huge prize ashore—fifty feet away?

Working slowly, he tested the ice-bound snag. It was strong. He then took his rope and tied one end about the snag where it could not slip. The other end of the rope he fastened to the chain. Climbing up to the top of the jam, he watched his step, for if he slipped he would fall into an ice crack—and he shivered as he thought of what would happen then. It was easy to push the ice off the pile. It slid into the river with a big splash.

He climbed down and untied the rope. Twisting it quickly about his wrist he gripped it with his hand. "If she goes down river, I'll go too."

Thus he began the slow, hard struggle against the current. The pull on the rope was terrific. Foot by foot he fought his way along the slippery timber, trying to keep his eyes off the water. The hemp rope bit deep into his hand and chafed his wrist. His arm ached. It grew numb from the strain. His right hand was skinned from gripping the chains. Onward he plodded, doggedly dragging the precious cake of ice in his wake.

When he was nearly to the bank, he stumbled over the forgotten kettle. He caught himself. The kettle dropped into the river. He continued and, holding his breath, made the last few feet. He unwound the rope from his wrist, tied it to the chain and reached the top of the bank. There he dropped,

[Continued on page 194]

BURIED TREASURE HOUSE

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

PART I

NO ONE looking at Gerald and Mab Jordan as they sat opposite each other in the train, speeding toward Bayside to visit Captain Jerry and Aunt Martha Thompson, would have guessed that they were setting out upon a hunt for hidden treasure—and Mab and Gerald had no idea of it themselves at the time.

The conductor who walked through the car merely saw a boy and girl who might have been twins, but weren't, since Gerald was past-eleven and Mab not-quite-ten. They really looked very much alike and they both wore the bright-and-shining sort of faces which come from special washing for a journey and the expectation of a delightful visit at the end of it.

It was always fun being with Captain Jerry and Aunt Martha. The old couple were no real relatives of Mab's and Gerald's, but the two children had known and loved them ever since they could remember. Their father had known the Thompsons ever since he was a little boy living in the same little town on the bay with them.

"I can hardly wait to get there! Do you suppose they'll forget to put off our trunk and are you sure Captain Jerry will get Daddy's letter and come to the station to meet us?" Mab exploded from time to time.

Gerald consulted his shining new nickle-plated watch every five minutes to see if it wasn't nearly time to reach Bayside.

But all journeys come to an end at last, and Mab and Gerald tumbled out on the Bayside platform in due course, to meet Captain Jerry and old Snap, who had come to meet them. They made a somewhat noisy and mixed-up procession down the sandy street, with Mab and the trunk riding in Captain Jerry's wheelbarrow and Snap weaving in and out among legs and everybody trying to talk at once.

Of course, Aunt Martha was out on the porch to greet them and to exclaim upon how Mab had grown since last summer vacation and how Gerald looked big and strong enough now to accompany the Captain when he went on his fishing trips. She hustled them into the kitchen for ginger cookies and milk. Even Muff, the old cat, came out from behind the stove with a brand new Maltese kitten in her mouth to drop at Mab's feet.

"It's just too good to be true—visiting you, when all the other children are still at home!" Mab rejoiced.

It certainly was jolly. There were fishing trips with Captain Jerry in his small boat, crab nets to be hauled up full of scuttling blue crabs, clams to be dug on the sand spits at low tide, and romps with Snap and old Muff. In his younger days, Captain Jerry had been the master of a real ship and the stories he told in the evening were full of wrecks and islands and storms.

Aunt Martha was so kind and merry that Mab and Gerald grew only the teeniest bit homesick for Mother, who had had to stay home and take care of Baby Bun.

It was the phonograph collector, who came to get a payment on Aunt Martha's phonograph one rainy afternoon, when Mab and Gerald were indoors having a taffy pull, who first started the children thinking about Captain Jerry being poor. They overheard Aunt Martha sending him away with apologies and a promise to have the payment next time he came. Aunt Martha shut the door into the kitchen, so they didn't hear the last of it, but the old lady's words made Mab and Gerald look at each other inquiringly.

"I don't believe Captain Jerry has much money!" Gerald said with a frown. "Don't you remember his saying he couldn't buy those new boots he needs,

because he hadn't sold enough fish lately?"

Mab nodded emphatically. "And Aunt Martha's coat is so old it has darns in the elbows!" she said.

It was a new idea to the young Jordans. Of course, they weren't rich at home, but Daddy made enough to buy new coats and boots and even to own a car. Captain Jerry had no car and the children remembered hearing Aunt Martha say the younger fishermen with trucks got to the beach cottages earlier in summer and spoiled Captain Jerry's trade there. Bayside was several miles from the beaches. Once it had been a summer resort as well as a fishing village, but the building of a jetty to deepen the harbor mouth had caused the Pacific to throw up dunes upon dunes of soft shifting sand between Bayside and the ocean. It had spoiled Bayside's beach and summer visitors had stopped coming to the place.

Mab and Gerald were still looking at each other and wondering about Captain Jerry being poor, when Aunt Martha opened the door and came back into the kitchen. There was a worried frown on her kind face.

"I wish there'dbeen something in that fine promise of Brother Willie's about leaving Jerry a fortune!" the old lady murmured. She was talking to herself, but Mab and Gerald heard her quite plainly.

"Who was Brother Willie?" Mab asked impulsively. "And was he very, very rich?"

Aunt Martha's eyes came back to the little girl with a start. "Land!" she exclaimed. "Was I talking out loud?"

Mab nodded. She hoped Aunt Martha hadn't minded her asking.

But Aunt Martha didn't seem to mind. She smiled her kind, crinkly smile at Mab. "Brother Willie was Captain Jerry's no-account brother!" she said. "And some said he was rich—and some said he wasn't! If he had any money, why, Jerry and I never saw anything of it!"

"Did he live a long way off?" Gerald inquired.

Aunt Martha shook her head. "He lived right here in Bayside!" she said, "but he was away at sea most of the time. As he grew older he grew crustier. He and Jerry never rightly quarreled, but we didn't visit back and forth much in Willie's last days. Only once he did come hobbling over here to see us, just before he died, and it was then that he told Jerry he had a fortune hid away somewhere—and that Jerry should have it after he was gone!"

"How awfully romantic!" Mab's eyes shone. "And didn't you ever find the money?"

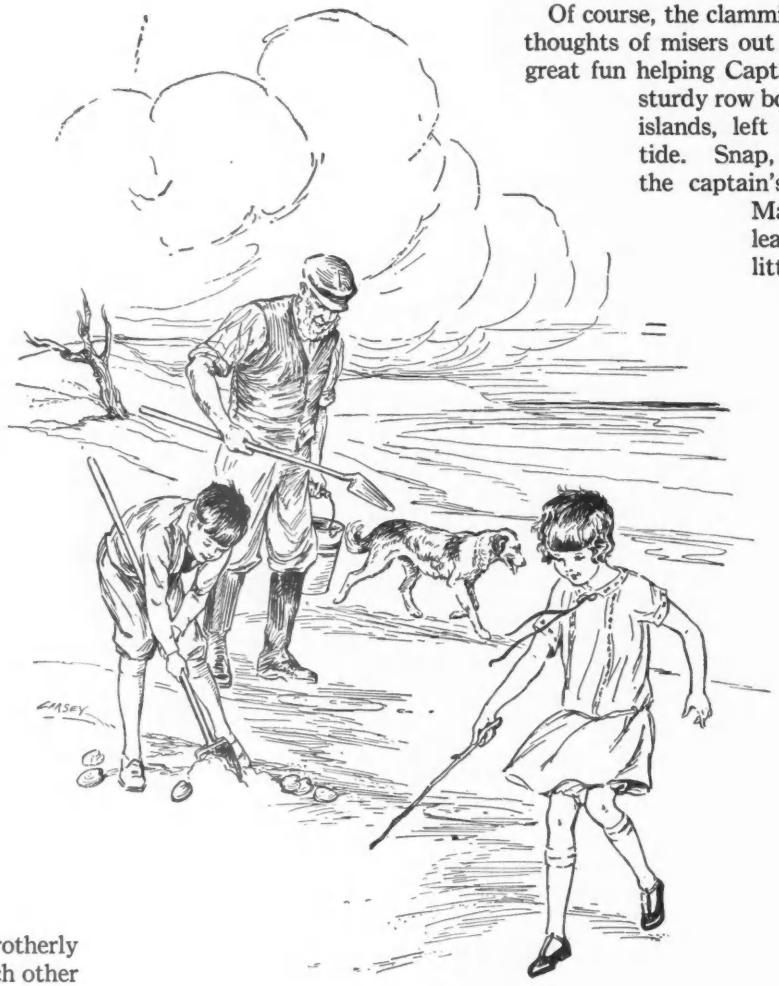
"There wasn't a sign of any money in Willie's house!" Aunt Martha said. "And he hadn't a cent in the bank!"

"Did you look real well—up the chimney and everywhere?" Gerald inquired.

"*I* looked," Aunt Martha admitted. "It seemed only right, after what Brother Willie had said—but much good it did me! Dust and spiders, that was all there was to to found in the house! I wanted Jerry to search, too, but he had a sort of dislike for poking round in his dead brother's place. But land!" Aunt Martha shook her head emphatically. "It wouldn't have made any difference if we'd torn the house down and looked under every board! Willie was never one to save his money! Borrowing from Captain Jerry, that's what he always was, and never paying it back,

either!"

"Oh dear! I wish you'd found an old teapot full of gold pieces or a big roll of bills or something!" Mab sighed. "What could Captain Jerry's brother have meant, promising him a fortune and then not leaving him anything?"



Aunt Martha laughed. "It was Willie's way!" she said. "Full of big plans and fine fairy tales he always was! I daresay he'd have left us a fortune if he found one somewhere—but he wasn't the sort would ever save one! I'm thankful he and Jerry parted on good terms at last and with brotherly feelings toward each other—and one might as well forget Willie's foolish promise! It didn't mean any more than most of the things Willie said, I daresay! Only, sometimes when we get short of money to buy things, I get to dreaming a bit about how it might have been, if Willie had really left us a box of gold!"

It was a fascinating idea. Gerald and Mab talked it over afterwards by themselves. "Let's ask Aunt Martha where Brother Willie's house was!" Gerald suggested. "Maybe we could go and hunt ourselves!"

"But he died ten years ago!" Mab said. "I suppose some one must have found his fortune—if he had one in the house—by this time!"

And then the idea was temporarily driven from their minds by Captain Jerry's voice. Captain Jerry always walked with a slight roll, as if he imagined the deck of a ship under his feet and he sang sea songs in a roaring voice. Now he was singing his favorite one about

"Down in the diving bells at the bottom of the sea,
All the little mermaids, pretty little mermaids, all came courting me!"

"Ahoy, shipmates!" he called to the children. "What do you say to a trip out to the spits after some razor clams?"

Of course, the clamming expedition put thoughts of misers out of mind. It was great fun helping Captain Jerry pull the sturdy row boat out to the sand islands, left bare by the ebb tide. Snap, who seldom left the captain's side, went too. Mab and Gerald had learned to know the little round marks in the wet sand made by the clams bubbling, and Mab raced ahead, looking for them and drawing circles round them with a stick so Gerald and Captain Jerry could find them easily. The old seaman stamped along in his big boots in a way that should have frightened any clam into the depths, but which really made them bubble and give away their hiding places more than ever.

"Aren't there any clams nearer Bayside than the sand spits?" Gerald asked the captain. "At the beach where we were one summer we could dig them out by the surf at low tide."

"There used to be the best clamming in the country right by Bayside!" the Captain boomed. "But since the jetty piled up so much sand between the town and the ocean, it's a long way across the dunes after them. It's quicker to row out to the spits!"

It was this bit of information that caused Gerald and Mab to ask Aunt Martha's permission to cross the dunes and go clamming by themselves the following day. Captain Jerry was away fishing and an expedition by themselves would be fun, they thought. They would find clams for supper and also explore the dunes, where they had seldom been before. However, the walking proved very tiring across the soft shifting sands.

[*Continued on page 184*]

THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

By FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "*The Treasure of Belden Place*"

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated—as Patsy Spaulding, Patty Morrison and Jimmy Fisher like to call themselves—are sitting by the dusty roadside discussing the stunt they are expected to put on at the amateur circus Mrs. Patterson is getting up. They are wishing for a dog they could train to do tricks, and a strange man, changing his tire a few feet away, overhears them. After questioning them closely he climbs into the back seat of his car and leans out, takes a folded paper apparently out of the empty air, and instructs Patsy to put it into her pocket for safekeeping. Next he produces a high silk hat and, in some mysterious way, pulls Miffles, a little white fox terrier, out of it and gives him to Patsy to hold. With that he touches the accelerator and the car disappears in a cloud of dust. When Patsy's father hears about it later, he is of the opinion that the man had no legal right to the dog. He thinks perhaps that the paper the stranger had given them will explain everything, but when Patsy looks in the pocket of her dress for it, it has disappeared. The children, however, soon forget the mystery, in their pleasure over their new pet. Their only disappointment is Miffles's refusal to learn tricks. The dog even goes so far as to yawn in their faces, when they try to teach him, and once when he climbs a ladder and retrieves their ball for them from the roof of the tool shed, he seems very much ashamed, as though he has done something wrong instead of clever. They do manage to teach him to carry notes between their homes, and the evening before the circus he carries a note from Patty to Patsy, asking her to come back with Miffles. A postscript suggests that she say, "Won't you dance for us, Your Excellency?" and to everyone's surprise the dog stands on his hind legs and begins to dance. When Patsy rushes up to Belden Place, she learns that her cousin has found the mysterious paper the stranger had given them—found it in a back corner of the closet where Miffles evidently had hidden it. It turns out to be a letter, written by the dog's old master to the man who had given them their pet. It asks that Miffles be given a good home and gives a list of his tricks which he will perform if first addressed, as "Your Excellency," this being the cue he has been taught to wait for. With the help of Mr. Spaulding, the children work up an entirely new act for the circus, and a large crowd is surprised and delighted the next afternoon when Miffles jumps the rope, dances, plays hide-and-seek, solves arithmetic problems and does other marvelous tricks. But the happiness of Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated is soon changed to sorrow, for as they are leaving the circus grounds, the man who had given Miffles to them suddenly appears and takes the dog away. They protest but, after thrusting a twenty-dollar bill into Jimmy's hand, he disappears in the crowd.

PART V

HE'S not going to get away with anything like that," I said, and the three of us hurried pell-mell down to Daddy's office.

"Get a policeman. Quick, Uncle Harry!" Patty cried. "That man took our dog."

Daddy made us quiet down and tell him what had happened. He shook his head when we had finished—the way he does when he is worried, or a case is going against him. Jimmy showed him the twenty-dollar bill.

"Well, that at least looks as though he is honest," he said.

"Honest or not," said Patty, "we don't want his old twenty dollars. We want Miffles."

"You do, of course," Daddy comforted her. "Let's drive down to the hotel. There's just a chance that this stranger is stopping there for dinner."

He was right. We found the man as he was entering the dining room, but Miffles was nowhere to be seen. Jimmy thought we should surround him and demand, "Give us back our dog, sir," the way they do in books. But Daddy didn't think so. He simply walked up to the stranger and said, very quietly, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I have three very disappointed youngsters on my hands. Won't you come back into the lounge a few minutes, and talk it over, Mr. —"

The man seemed worried and perplexed. "My name is Aldrich," he answered, and turned and followed us. "I suppose they told you that I paid them for the dog."

Jimmy handed back the bill. "Here's your money, sir," he said.

"You see how it is," said Daddy. "It is Miffles they want."

Mr. Aldrich sighed. "I wish to heaven they could have him."

"I believe he's a nice man after all," I whispered to Patty as we entered the lounge, but she had no time to answer, for the stranger was talking again.

"I might as well tell you the whole story. Miffles' master was Fulton Thorne, the well-known animal trainer, and he gave him to me just before he died."

"Oh," said Patty.

"He said that I was to keep the dog if I could find him useful in my work." He turned to Daddy. "I'm a magician, you know, on the Superior Vaudeville Circuit."

"A magician?" Jimmy almost jumped out of his chair in his surprise.

The man's slow, teasing smile came back. "Didn't you guess that, when I did those tricks with my hat?"

The three of us looked at each other, feeling rather foolish. We certainly should have guessed it.

"Was Miffles a show dog, too?" I asked, remembering the initials, S. V. C., engraved on his silver collar. They must stand for Superior Vaudeville Circuit, too.

"Of course. He's been on the Superior Circuit for several years—one of the best performers that ever trooped in vaudeville. But to get on with my story. I didn't care to use Miffles in my act. It's a new stunt, of course, to pull a dog out of a hat, instead of the usual rabbit, but then it doesn't always work. It's an easier trick to perform in a closed car than on a stage, and some of my audiences are pretty hard to fool. Besides, I knew from my friend's last letter that he felt Miffles was becoming too old for the grind of regular stage routine. I was taking him home to my mother when I passed your house that day." The man turned to Patty. "I knew she didn't really want him, though, and when I heard you youngsters wishing for a dog, it seemed that my whole problem was solved."

"Well, wasn't it?" asked Jimmy bluntly.

"No, that's just the trouble. My friend died without a will, and his property goes to a cousin, a man who has charge of the bookings on my circuit. He wants to put the dog in an act with another trainer—" Mr. Aldrich stopped. His voice wasn't very steady, and for a moment he could not go on. "Not the sort of a trainer either whom my friend would choose, if he were living."

"But if Fulton Thorne gave the dog to you—" asked Daddy gently.

"He did, but unfortunately I lost the letter. At least, I lost one page of it, but it happens to be the

page I need to prove my ownership."

Excited little tickles began running up and down my back bone. (You know the feeling.) I looked at Patty and Patty looked at me, and we were both thinking the same thing. "Why, we have that letter up at Belden Place," she said. "We found it way back in a dark corner of the closet where Miffles had hidden it."

"But how could Miffles have gotten hold of it?" asked the magician.

"Don't you remember?" I reminded him. "You gave it to me the day you took him out of the hat for us, and you told me to show it to Daddy when he came home."

"But what I gave you was a list of the dog's tricks which I had copied out myself."

"There must have been a mistake then," said Daddy, "because the paper which Patsy had was the last sheet of a letter signed Fulton Thorne."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mr. Aldrich, and the amazed expression on his face was funny to see. "To think an old magician like me would make a mistake like that."

That letter was all that was needed to prove he really owned the dog and had the legal right to give him away. So Daddy phoned Aunt May to have it ready, and he sent a messenger boy up to Belden Place to get it. The magician suggested that we stay and have dinner with him at the hotel, in order to celebrate.

"Two young ladies and a certain young gentleman I know were feeling mighty hard at me a few minutes ago," he said, "and I'd like to prove to them that I'm not such a bad sort after all. You know—in a sense—I work for the man who claims he owns Miffles, and I couldn't refuse to tell him where the dog was, unless I had some proof that Thorne had actually given him to me. If I didn't come after him, I knew he would, and I don't believe he would have offered you a twenty-dollar bill for him either."

"I'm sorry that I stamped my foot at you," said Patty mournfully, and I think all three of us felt a little ashamed for thinking some of the things we had. "But, you see, Mr. Aldrich, we love Miffles, just awfully."

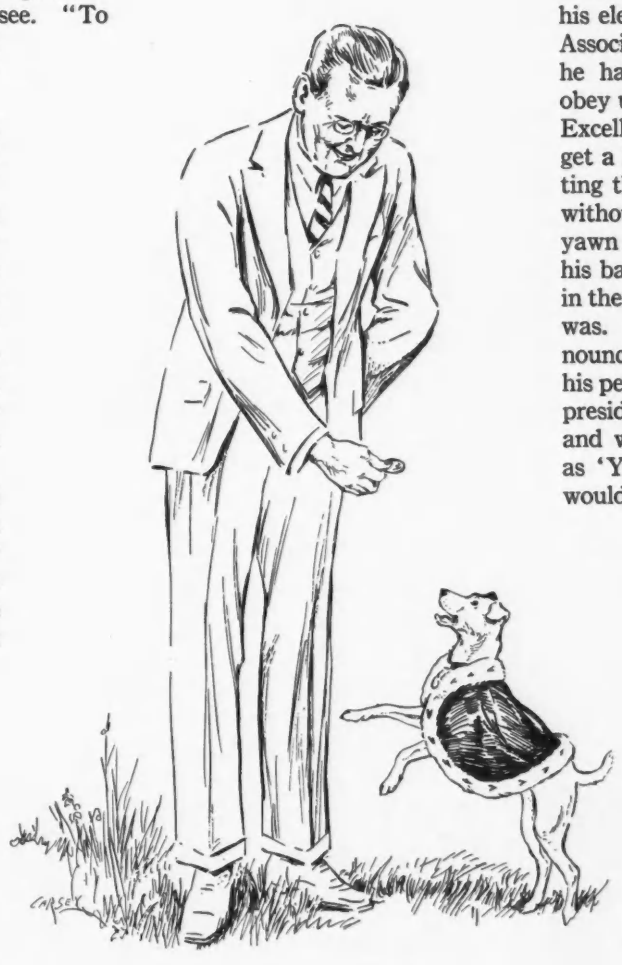
"That's all right," our new friend answered cheerfully. "The dog certainly surprised Fayetteville, this afternoon, didn't he?"

"Wasn't it funny?" I giggled at the remembrance of everyone's astonishment. "But, we couldn't make him do a single trick until we found that letter and began calling him 'Your Excellency.'"

"Of course, you couldn't." The magician's eyes twinkled. "My friend found Miffles in a dog pound, and the dogs there had just elected him their president."

"What?" said Jimmy, Patty and I, all three together.

"I'm just telling you the line of patter Thorne used to hand his audiences. It's true, though, about the dog pound. That's where many animal trainers get their dogs, and often they're the very smartest ones. My friend used to tell how conceited Miffles was over his election as president of the Association of Stray Dogs, and he had taught him never to obey unless addressed as 'Your Excellency.' He could always get a laugh when he'd try putting the dog through his tricks without it, for Miffles would yawn in his face or roll over on his back and stick his paws up in the air to show how bored he was. Then Thorne would announce his intention of paying his pet the respect due a former president of the dog pound; and when he commanded him as 'Your Excellency,' the dog would perform as you saw him perform this afternoon."



"He yawned in our faces, too, when we first tried to teach him tricks," I said, "but after a while he began to whine."

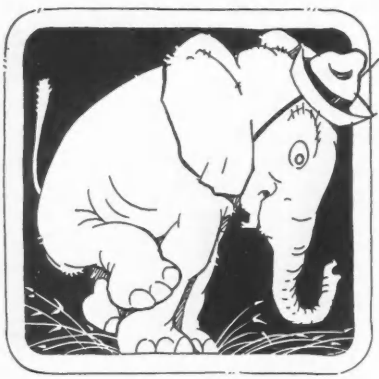
"He must have sensed that you really wanted him to mind you, and yet he did not dare until you gave him the proper cue. He's a smart dog all right."

"He retrieved our ball one time without the cue," said Jimmy.

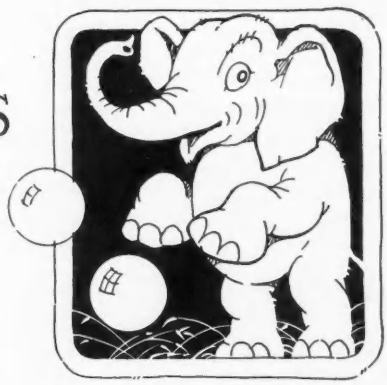
"Yes, and look how ashamed he was of himself afterwards!" Patty reminded him.

It all seemed very remarkable to us, but it wasn't,

[*Continued on page 186*]



TIPPY ELEPHANT'S HAT



By JUNE NORRIS

TIPPY ELEPHANT was a biggish, grayish baby with a nice wavy trunk. She lived in the circus with her Mother Elephant.

"Oh why, oh why, do they call me Tippy?" asked this baby elephant one day.

"Because you tip around so," explained Mother Elephant. "You put your front feet down so hard that you tip up behind. And when down go your hind feet, you tip up in front."

"But I like tipping that way," said Tippy Elephant, jumping around in the straw.

Now, if there was one thing Tippy loved to do, it was to stamp around with her right front foot. In fact nothing was safe if her foot was in action.

Smash! Smash! Down it would go on the water pail when her keeper brought her a drink. Crash! Crash! And Tippy would step on a tin can. Bang! Bang! And Tippy would stamp down that right front foot on a boy's or girl's balloon.

"Oh, dearie me," said Mother Elephant, "if you would only be a quiet baby elephant and play in the straw!"

"But it's fun being frisky with my foot," said Tippy Elephant, looking around for something to smash.

But the climax was reached one day when Tippy lifted off a man's straw hat with her trunk. Crackle, crackle went the hat as Tippy Elephant's right foot stamped down on it.

"Oh, you are a naughty baby elephant," cried Mrs. Elephant, looking at the flat, smashed hat. The man, too, felt sad as he looked at his hat on the ground.

And almost every day after that, when some kind man would give Tippy Elephant a peanut or an apple or a lump of sugar, she would take his hat with her trunk, and, smash, it would go under that right front foot.

"We will have to sell that baby elephant if she does not stop being so frisky," said the circus man.

"See," whispered Mrs. Elephant in the floppy ear of her child, "you will have to stop crackling straw hats, or you cannot be a baby elephant in a circus."

"But it's fun being frisky with my foot," exclaimed Tippy again. So one, two, three, four hats she flattened before her keeper caught her.

One day Tippy had a happy thought. "If boys and girls come to see me, why can't I go and call on them?" she said to herself. So she started off to make a call.

Down through the field went Tippy, tipping over the tall grasses, now and then stopping to stamp her right front foot on a daisy. Once she stopped and smashed a tin can. And once she tried to stamp her right front foot on the tail of a cow, who was peacefully lying under a tree.

"Moo, moo," mooed the cow, getting up and running away.

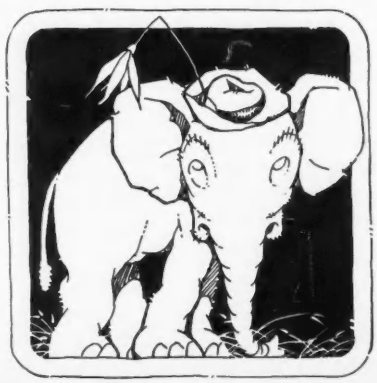
"Not so friendly," thought Tippy Elephant, hurrying down the field. "I'll look over this fence and see what I can see." And she did.

And there she saw a little girl and little boy playing in their sand pile with their pails and shovels.

"I'll go in and visit them," thought Tippy. And in through the gate she walked.

"Oh, goodness me!" cried the little girl jumping up from her sand pile and running up on the back porch steps.

"Why, it's an elephant come to call," cried the little boy, speaking bravely. But he also ran up on the back steps beside the little girl.



[Continued on page 200]

BEAUTIFUL BETSEY'S HAPPY ACCIDENT

BEAUTIFUL Betsey was feeling proud—prouder than she had ever felt before. But, as you all know, pride goes before a fall!

A pretty little girl had come in that afternoon with her mother, and had fallen in love with Beautiful Betsey. Her mother promised that she would buy Betsey next day, for the little girl's birthday present.

So Beautiful Betsey stood proud and tall on her shelf, and would hardly look at the other dolls. Then came the fall! As the Toy Shop Man closed the door behind him that night the wind came through with a rush—and crash! Over went Betsey, right onto the freshly-oiled floor.

It didn't hurt Betsey. She was unbreakable, you see. But one look at her dress, and she wept as though her *heart* were broken, at least. "Now she won't want me!" she sobbed.

"Of course she will!" cried several kind-hearted dolls at once. "I'll wash your dress," said Rosabelle. "I'll iron it," said another doll.

"These grease spots will never come out," sniffed Betsey.

"Fels-Naptha Soap will have them out in a jiffy, with no hard rubbing," said Rosabelle.

And sure enough! That was a happy accident for Beautiful Betsey. Her dress, after its Fels-Naptha bath, looked fresher and prettier than before—and her new owner was very, *very* proud of her.

MOTHERS: *You'll find that Fels-Naptha Soap gives you extra help with the whole wash. The extra help of two cleaners instead of one—plenty of naptha, the dirt loosener, combined with good golden soap, the dirt remover. Working together, they loosen the dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.*

Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool or luke-warm water. It's extra help for household cleaning, too!—and it's gentle to hands. Put Fels-Naptha on your grocery list today. The ten-bar carton is especially convenient.

FELS & COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

THE SUN'S SISTERS
PUZZLE—
FIND PRINCESS SUNRISE, PRINCESS SUNSET AND THE GOLDEN HEN
By HELEN HUDSON
HELEN HUDSON

Let them play as they learn

Lillian M. Gilbreth, B. Litt., M. Litt., Ph. D. Famous psychologist, lecturer. Author of "The Home Maker and Her Job," and "Living with our Children"

says famous psychologist to mothers

"THE easiest way for a mother to teach her children effective habits is to make a game of the whole thing," says Lillian M. Gilbreth, noted authority on child guidance. "Let them play as they learn."

Many little problems of the child's day lend themselves to game making. Breakfast, for instance—that meal which authorities say is so important. School tests have shown that the child best fitted for studies, most keen for play, has started out with one certain thing—a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. That is why, in over 70,000 schools, this rule hangs on the wall:

"*Every boy and girl needs a* hot *cereal breakfast*"

So mothers sometimes say, "Now eat your nice hot cereal. It's so good for you."

Approached this way, youngsters have been known to give a push to their hot cereal—Cream of Wheat, or oatmeal, or whatever it is—and say "N-o-oh! I don't *want* it."

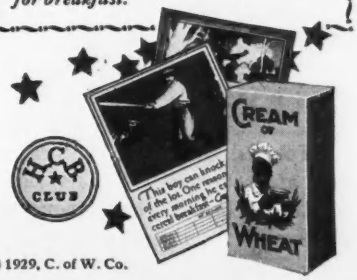
Today, coaxing is no longer necessary. The new psychology solves the problem. By making a game of *hot, cooked* cereal mothers are leading children to eat the right breakfast.

For 32 years the choice of child specialists

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy children need. All real food.
2. With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest.
3. Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.



© 1929, C. of W. Co.

FREE—*this plan that gets results at breakfast*

A club that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret, gold stars and colored wall charts. All material free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. R-22
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample box of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

Conducted by ALICE COLBY JUDSON

PLEASE COME TO THE
SPRING
SEWING PARTY
HOUSEHOLD BEAUTIFIERS
BRING YOUR OWN MATERIALS

NOW I think that ought to be plain enough," said Catherine, as she sealed the last of a pile of invitations. "I didn't want it to be *too* easy to guess, for it's more fun to have to think a while first before you understand."

And that is exactly what the invited circle had to do—think. But from all outward signs, thinking seemed to be a very pleasant occupation. It was especially so when the thinking was done aloud. Talking over plans for the Sewing Circle surely made walking to and from school more fun than ever.

"I have often heard Mother say," remarked Jane one afternoon, "that as soon as spring house cleaning was done she'd make a new something or other. But I can't seem to remember what the new somethings she wants are."

"When I get home," Virginia announced, "I'm going to take a paper and pencil and put it in a handy place. Then next time I think of something to make or hear Mother say she wants something, I can write it down. Then when sewing day comes, I can pick out what is the best thing for me to make."

"That's a good idea," said Ellen, "but I'm going to make a tour of inspection, instead."

"What's that?" asked Betty, a bit perplexed.

"I mean I'll look around in drawers and cupboards and everywhere and see if Mother has everything she needs for cleaning time."

Betty giggled at that.

"How do you know what mothers use for cleaning?" she asked.

"Well, you'd be surprised at all I know," laughed Ellen, much amused herself.

When the Sewing Circle gathered in Catherine's pretty room on the first Saturday morning in April, Ellen was the first to open her bag of materials. She brought out a piece of old outing flannel. It might have once been a winter garment for night time, but now it was soft and old and just right for gathering up dust. There were two pieces, each 14 by 19 inches.

"These," Ellen explained, "are to be sewed together on three sides to make a sort of bag. Then I'll hem the top and run in a cotton tape."

"That sounds simple," said Virginia. "But what can it be used for?"

"It's to slip over a broom to dust in out-of-the-way places," replied Ellen, proudly.

Jane looked up. "How convenient! I think we could use one at our house. I must remember that idea."

Betty's lap full of bright colors next caught the attention of the group and they immediately asked her what she was planning to do with the squares of different-colored cheesecloth.

"I'm going to make dust cloths that are really pretty," she said. "I thought Mother would need some new ones after housecleaning, and these will be pretty, as well as useful. I'm going to blanket-stitch them around the edge to hold the hem, you see. I'll use blue thread on the rose square, black on the orange and rose on the green.

"The same kind of stitch would be pretty on sixteen-inch squares of flannel. That would make a nice set of cloths for polishing silver. Don't you think so?"

(*Continued on page 195*)

"I Wouldn't Have Believed

So Great a Change Possible In a Child

if it hadn't happened to my own"

"My girl had always been sickly since she was 5 weeks old. She was pale, nervous and decidedly under weight for her age. We did all we could to make her well but could not get anything to help. At last a doctor advised us to do away with all medicine and use Ovaltine instead. We could see results almost immediately—she seemed like a different child. Color came back to her cheeks, nervousness and restlessness decreased wonderfully and she has added 5 pounds in weight even through the hot summer months. *I wouldn't have believed so great a change possible in a child if it hadn't happened to my own.* She has changed into another child in this short time."

MRS. LESLIE STEINMETZ, *Allentown, Pa.*

A Swiss Discovery That May Make Your Child Over . . .
Not a Medicine, But the Most Enticingly Delightful Food-Drink Known . . . *Accept 3-Day Supply*

This mother's experience is typical of hundreds of others. You may find just as remarkable a one with your own child.

Swiss Scientists—world-leaders in child development—have thrown many new lights on the underweight or nervous child. One of their findings is embodied in an utterly New-Type of food-drink, called Ovaltine.

New to America, it has become virtually a national beverage throughout scientific Europe. Its use has spread over 54 different nations. Over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

To try, before purchasing a larger supply, note coupon for 3-day supply at right.

What It Is

It is not a medicine, but a super-delicious food-drink called Ovaltine. New to America, it is virtually a national beverage in Switzerland, England and in most of Europe.

It contains in instantly digestible and highly concentrated form practically EVERY nutritive element essential to child health and nervous equilibrium.

The Most Delicious Food-Drink Known

Children drink it, not because they "must" but because they like it.

A scientific food-concentrate; widely different in composition, flavor and result from the "chocolate" and "malt" drinks in this country; weight increases of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds weekly are commonly credited to this Swiss creation. "Nervousness" is often noticeably curbed in a few days.

It supplies highly concentrated food energy in itself. And—acts to digest the starches, from other foods the child eats, into weight and energy.

Thus its action is two-fold. And results often little short of amazing.

"Results Were Remarkable"

"Our daughter, Carol, was a very nervous child, had frequent attacks of indigestion and was considerably underweight. Then we began giving her 2 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a glass of warm whole milk 3 times a day. Results were remarkable and overjoyed us. In a short time Carol had gained 13 pounds in weight.

MRS. ALBERT M. FOSS, *Paul's Valley, Okla.*

Give as a warm beverage at meals; as a food-drink between meals—and especially at breakfast. You can also give as a cold shake-up drink with milk. Soon you notice a change in weight, activity and better nerve balance in your child.

Results are marked and noticeable. Thousands of adults, too, are drinking it to restore vitality when fatigued.

Accept Test

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day test. Do this today. Do it for your child's sake. But be careful you get genuine "Ovaltine." There is no other drink "like" it. No other drink the "same" as Ovaltine. Watch out if you are told there is.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Free **UNCLE WIGGILY MUG**

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander, given FREE with 3-day trial package.

The Wander Company, Dept. B-8
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine and the Uncle Wiggily Mug FREE.

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
(One package to a person) C

OVALTINE
THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Discover Binney and Smith Magic Wands

THE south wind caressed the magnolia tree in the garden where Robert and Ruth were playing. Immediately, a fleet of satiny vessels set sail as the huge flower-leaves loosened from their moorings and floated to the ground below. "Don't you just love spring?" chuckled Ruth, removing a large petal which had perched like an elfin cap upon her head.

"Sure do," answered Robert, sniffing the perfume of a white narcissus. "This seems like a *magic* spring day, though—but what are you staring at?"

Ruth, who was gazing intently into the deep, red cup of a tulip, grabbed Robert's arm and whispered, "I guess this *is* a magic day. I thought that was a bee, but look!"

Robert peeped into the tulip and his eyes began to sparkle. Your eyes would have sparkled too, for not every boy and girl can discover a fairy, even on a magic spring day. She was busily painting yellow streaks on the heart of the flower. Seeing the children, she tucked her brush in back of her wings and climbed to the lip of the cup. "Hello, Robert and Ruth," she said in a bell-like voice. When the children answered, she almost fell off the tulip in surprise. "Why! You see me!" she exclaimed. "You never have before!"

"It's because this is a *magic* day," said Ruth, who really didn't seem surprised to meet a fairy.

"Can you see my fellow workers?" asked Fairy Beautiful. The children glanced around the garden and exclaimed in amazement. Fairies were flying around the magnolia tree, tinting its leaves a delicate pink or brightening the crocuses and tulips. "We're the Make-The-Land Beautiful Squad of Mother Nature's helpers," said the fairy in explanation.

"My!" said Ruth enviously. "I'd like to make beautiful things too! It looks so much fun!"

"But, you can," said Fairy Beautiful. "Come on over here and sit on the edge of the bird bath and I'll tell you all about it." She led the way, leaping from one floating magnolia petal to another until the top of the bath had been gained. The children followed, surprised at finding themselves as small and fairy-footed as she.

"Watch the bird bath," said Fairy Beautiful, "and you'll see all I tell you in its mirror. First, did you ever hear of Binney and Smith?"

"I should say we have!" exclaimed the children, each pulling a box of CRAYOLAS from their pockets.

The fairy clapped her hands in glee. "Now I know why you could see all us fairy folks," she chuckled. "Those are magic sticks, and you can make beautiful pictures with them just as we can with our magic paint brushes. Would you like to know how your magic sticks are made?" When the children agreed eagerly, she continued, "If you'll look in the water you can see a huge factory." Robert and Ruth exclaimed in surprise. "Now we are in the warehouse where the raw materials are stored in huge mounds and countless barrels and boxes which have come from many foreign countries to aid Binney and Smith in making their magic colors. Here's another building where there is a terrible din of clanging wheels and flying belts. See the man pour the white material into the huge mill? These materials are being ground so fine that the particles will float in the slightest breath of air. There are the bins where it is stored to be used in the Atlantic and the U. V. A. brands of blackboard chalk."

The children nodded in agreement as the bins were reflected in the water. "The men hurrying around," continued Fairy Beautiful, "are taking material from the bins to mix with a liquid and pour into a large machine. See, there

(*Continued on page 202*)

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

During spring vacation Chip's chums celebrated by taking their stand under the old willow tree. Then Ted made the signboard and Betsy Ann the lemonade.

While Dick scared Chip into practicing good table manners, Ted went down the road to scare up trade and Bab drank up three cents worth—slowly.

Finally Ted came back with stuck-up Nancy Jones, who swished along in a new lace dress, with her nose pointing scornfully up towards her parasol.

Nancy gulped down a glass of lemonade and then made a face and said acidly, "I won't pay for that; it's too sour. Good-bye. It's about to pour!"

"Yes, lemonade!" whispered the chums, hiding their smiles, for at that instant Chip ran into the tipsy table leg and poor Nancy received an unexpected shower bath.

THE MODERN CHILD

is delighted with the chic, up-to-the-minute style and the supreme comfort in Minneapolis "M" garments. Mothers like the way they are made . . . fine quality fabrics, carefully tailored in generous full sizes, neatly finished, smooth seams . . . sturdy, long-wearing garments. The perfect fit neither washes out nor wears out.

Bright colored Sun Suits; maximum exposure with protection to vital parts.

MINNEAPOLIS M GARMENTS

The PERFECT UNDERWEAR *for* CHILDREN

Infants' Shirts, Bands, Binders, Panty Waists,
Children's Union Suits, Waist Union Suits,
Vests, Panties, Bloomers, Combinations,
. . . . in all wanted styles and fabrics.

Sleeping Garments in cotton and "M" Bi-Knit fabric.
Children's Styled Pajamas in Rayon and Novelty Cotton Prints of Broadcloth and Pongee.
Sun Suits in Wool, Bi-Knit and Novelty Prints.

Millions of mothers know the Minneapolis "M" trademark as a certainty of satisfaction in buying Infants' and Children's underwear and sleeping garments. *Look for it at your Dry Goods store.*

Minneapolis "M" Infants Shirts—the standard with mothers for many years.

Smart styled Pajamas in gay prints and Rayon.

Boys and girls like these French type knit Panties.

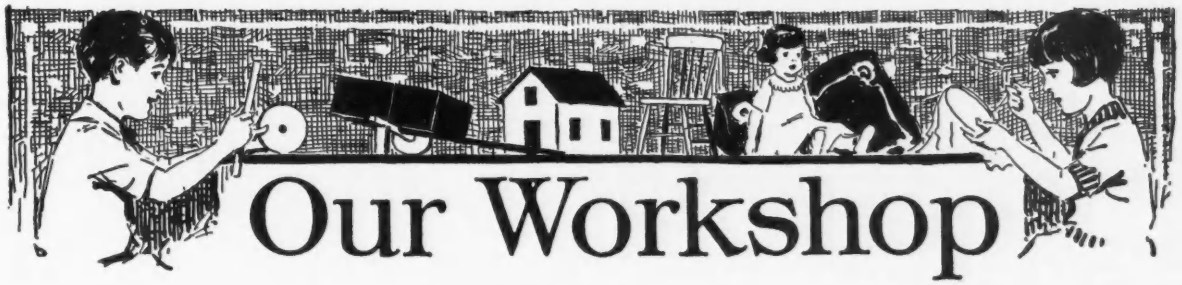
Dainty Rayon Vest and Panties that please little ladies.

This novelty print one piece Play Suit delights little girls.

Boy's and girl's cool, French type, Waist Union Suits.

A Rayon Combination, full of style.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys*," "*Homemade Games and Game Equipment*," etc.

MAGIC PROPELLER STICKS AND A TOY AIRPLANE

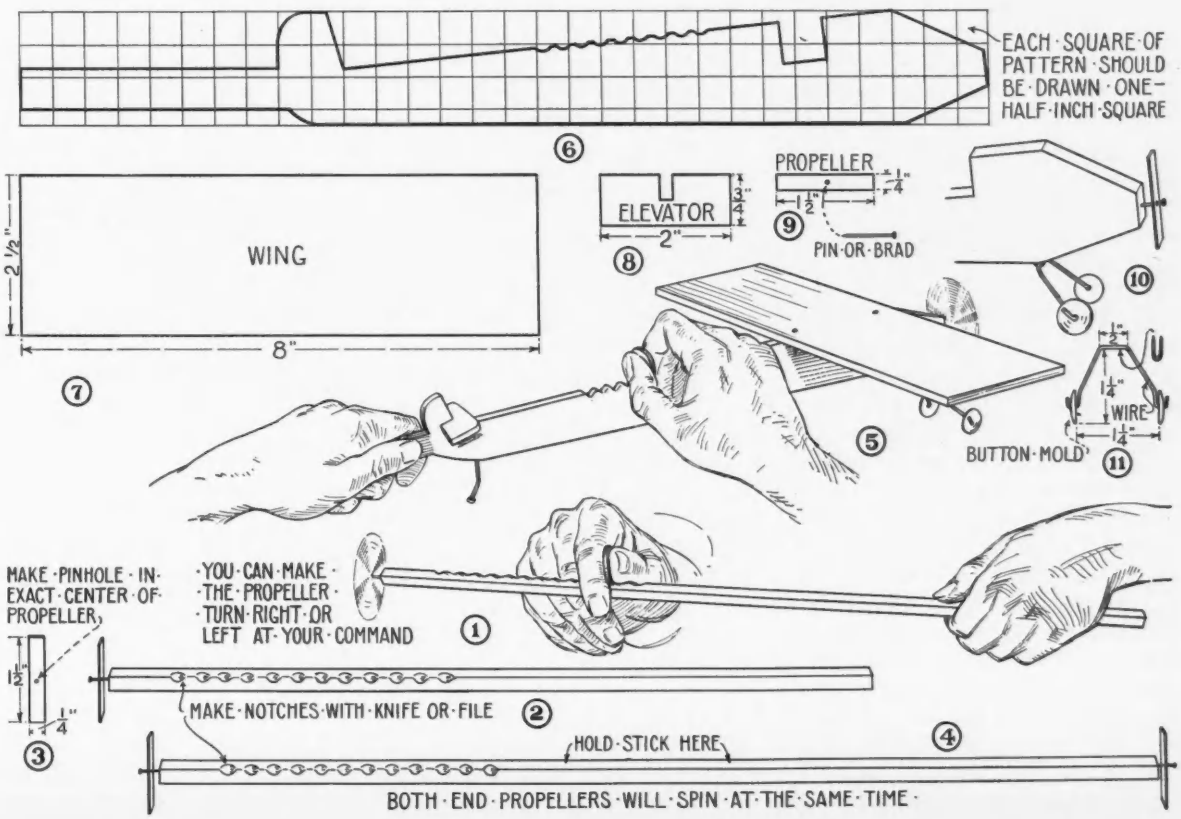
NO DOUBT it is your ambition to build model airplanes that will fly. I hope that some day you will realize that ambition. There is no reason why you should not, when you have learned to work carefully and accurately, and have acquired the necessary amount of patience. All of this will come with practice, in making the things described each month upon this page. I doubt if you could build a successful flying model now, but if you want to try send me a stamped addressed envelope care of Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, and I shall mail you a reprint of my article on "An Indoor Duration Model," prepared for older boys.

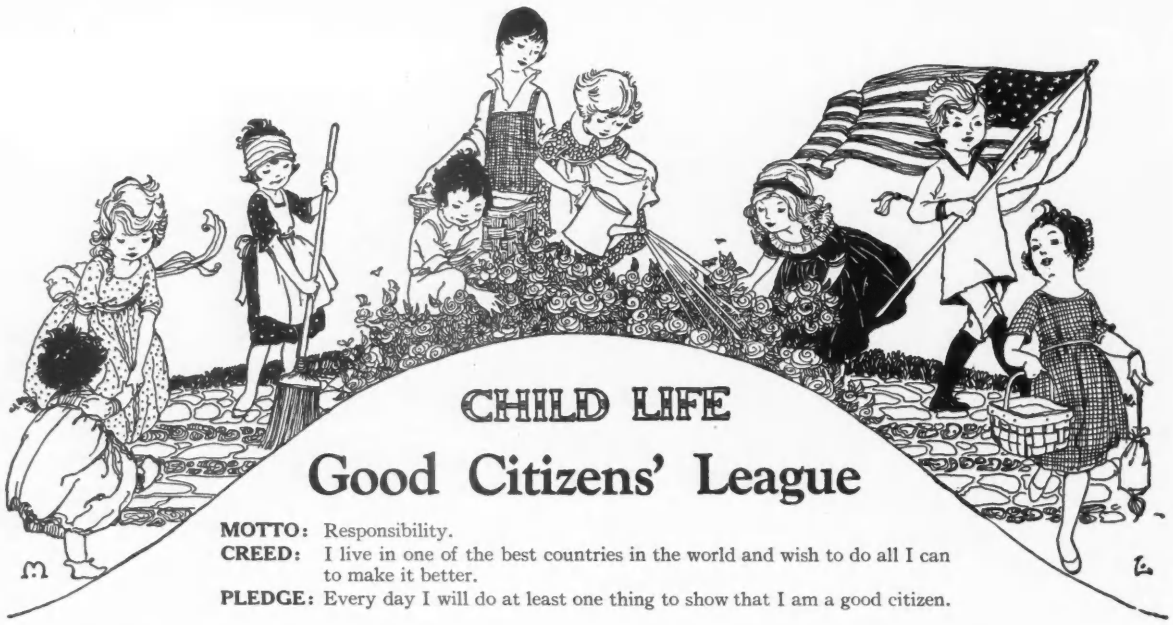
The magic propeller sticks and the toy airplane shown on this page this month "go," but they do not fly. They are simple fun-producing toys that are easy to make.

First, make the single propeller stick shown in Figure 1. Hunt up a stick about ¼-inch square and 15 inches long. If you cannot find one, it will take but a few minutes to saw one from a box board. Then with a rattail file, which is a slim round file that resembles a rat's tail, file a row of notches in one edge of the stick, as shown in Figure 2. If you haven't a file, use a knife.

The propeller is a narrow thin piece of wood (Figure 3) mounted upon a pin or brad shaft. It must be of uniform width and thickness, and it is important to pierce the pivot hole through the exact center, and to make the hole a trifle larger than a pin. In mounting it, drive the pin into the

[*Continued on page 193*]





CHILD LIFE
Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

"I LIKE our new way of celebrating a great birthday every month," said Miriam. "We might have a birthday party for William Shakespeare the twenty-third of April."

"But he isn't a children's writer." Bill seemed puzzled.

"Oh, isn't he?" said Miriam. "I guess you haven't read Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare.'"

"No, Shakespeare isn't a children's writer," said Miss Bradley, the counselor, "in the sense that he has written for children only. He isn't a sixteenth century writer in the sense that he wrote for the sixteenth century only. He isn't an English writer in the sense that he wrote for England only. The truths and the beauty that Shakespeare gave us are for children *and* grown-ups; they are for all people, no matter what country they come from or what age they live in."

"I've read 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' once already," said Helen, her eyes shining, "and I'm going to read it again."

"Yes, that's one of the beauties of Shakespeare's plays," the counselor agreed. "We can always reread them and find new and hidden treasures. Even in the passages we do not entirely understand, we have the beauty of his poetry, and Miriam is right about Lamb's 'Tales.' They are as thrilling as any story you can find."

Miss Bradley went on to say many other interesting things that afternoon—she told them how Shakespeare's writings, because of their wisdom, had been called "the lay Bible." Bill, particularly, was surprised to learn that such familiar passages as "Sweet are the uses of adversity," "A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a" and "To thine own self be true" came from Shakespeare's plays; and he was inclined to agree that any Good Citizen could know him with profit as well as with pleasure, for any beautiful and wise thing is always helpful, too.

By the next meeting, every member had read at least one of Lamb's "Tales," and they decided to play "A Midsummer Night's Dream," not as Shakespeare wrote it, but dramatizing it in their own way from the simpler version. And now that they had experienced the thrill of a Shakespeare story, Miss Bradley suggested that they should feel the thrill of the Shakespeare words; and each one agreed to memorize at least one well-known passage before their party on the twenty-third.

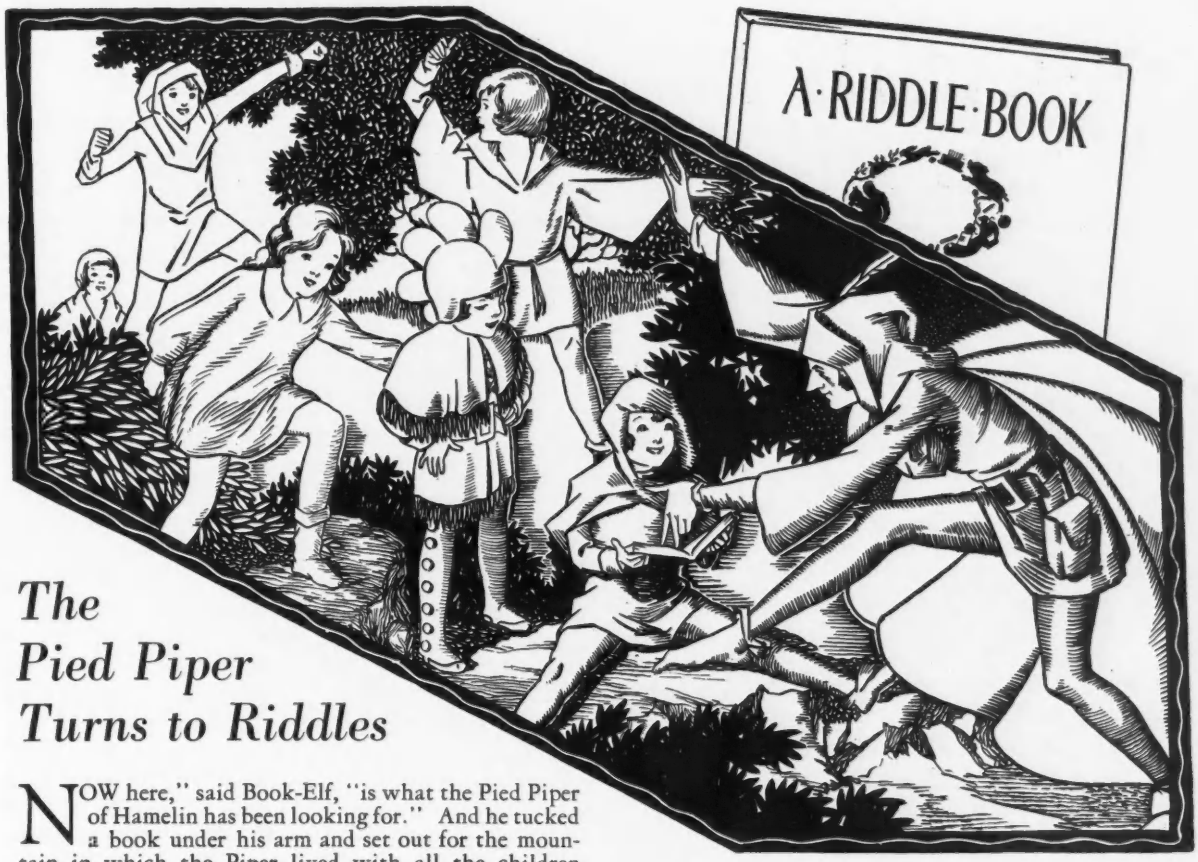
And that was what they did. David sang "Under the Greenwood Tree" from "As You Like It," and Miriam gave Rosalind's speech from the first scene of Act IV—the

[*Continued on page 184*]

APRIL ACTIVITIES

1. I read about William Shakespeare, who was born April 23, 1564.
2. I read about Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace.
3. I looked up Stratford on the map.
4. I read about Queen Elizabeth, who witnessed and admired many of Shakespeare's plays.
5. I read a children's version of "The Merchant of Venice."
6. I read a children's version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
7. I read a children's version of some other play by Shakespeare.
8. I memorized the "Quality of Mercy" speech from "The Merchant of Venice."
9. I memorized "I Know a Bank Where the Wild Thyme Grows" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
10. I memorized "Under the Greenwood Tree" from "As You Like It."
11. I memorized "Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind" from the same play.
12. I memorized some other passage from Shakespeare.
13. I started a little notebook in which to write Shakespeare quotations.
14. I added a quotation to my notebook.
15. I made a list of ten of Shakespeare's plays.
16. I looked up a picture of Shakespeare at the library.
17. I read about John Burroughs, the great nature writer, who was born April 3, 1837.
18. I read about Washington Irving who was born April 3, 1783.
19. I read about William Wordsworth, who was born April 7, 1770.
20. I read about Hans Christian Andersen who was born April 2, 1805.
21. I read an Andersen fairy story.
22. I read a poem by Wordsworth.
23. I read a story by Washington Irving.
24. I made a list of John Burroughs' books.
25. I made a list of the writings of one of the other April writers.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five of more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and any good deed that you record will count. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your April lists in time to reach us by May 5, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.



The Pied Piper Turns to Riddles

NOW here," said Book-Elf, "is what the Pied Piper of Hamelin has been looking for." And he tucked a book under his arm and set out for the mountain in which the Piper lived with all the children from Hamelin Town.

The Piper was sitting before his door, looking sad and woebegone. From within came the deafening racket of many children's voices. Book-Elf greeted him with a smile.

"Good morning, Piper. How are the children to-day?" Book-Elf had to shout to be heard.

"Ugh," said the Piper. "The children become worse each hour. Just listen to the noise they make. Since my pipe is broken and I can't play for them, they are restless and quarrelsome. I can do nothing to make them happy. They cry for music and I cannot play."

"I have something here that will make them happy," Book-Elf said. "It's called A RIDDLE BOOK and it's just full of riddles—the kind boys and girls like. Each riddle has a picture to help you guess the answer. Shall we show it to the children?"

So the children came out and sat on the mountain side while Book-Elf read from A RIDDLE BOOK."

"'I am a month,'" he read. "'I bring spring. I bring rain. I bring St. Patrick's day. What month am I?'"

"I know," cried one little boy, "December!"

"No, no," cried another. "December doesn't bring spring or St. Patrick's day. It's March."

"That's right," said Book-Elf. "Now here's another one."

So all day long Book-Elf and the Pied Piper of Hamelin and all the children from Hamelin Town sat on the mountain side, guessing riddles from A RIDDLE BOOK. At evening, when Book-Elf went home, he left A RIDDLE BOOK with the Piper.

"Thank you," the Piper said. "The children have enjoyed A RIDDLE BOOK very much. They have made me promise to read them more to-morrow. They like the riddles even better than they do the music from my pipe. I wish all boys and girls could have A RIDDLE BOOK to make them happy."

All boys and girls *can* have A RIDDLE BOOK. Your nearest bookseller sells it for $1.25 a copy. Ask mother or daddy to call on him to-day and buy you one.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

This booklet guide will tell you more about Rand McNally books for boys and girls, and how to select them. It is FREE—send for it.

Book-Elf, Rand McNally's Bookshelf, Dept. M-29
536 South Clark Street, Chicago

Dear Book-Elf:

Please send me your free booklet, "Books for Boys and Girls and guide for Selection" that will help me select suitable books for children of all ages.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....

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A RIDDLE BOOK, by Lily Lee Dootson, includes more than 150 enticing riddles for boys and girls. Each riddle is cleverly illustrated by Clarence Biers. Here, at last, the tables are turned on that animate question mark—the child. "What am I?" and, "Who am I" greets him on every page, stimulating his mind to hunt the answer. Genuine entertainment awaits the boy or girl who has A RIDDLE BOOK. Price each, $1.25.

If your bookseller cannot supply this book, your order to the publisher will be promptly filled. Send 7 cents per book extra for postage.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Books for Boys and Girls

LUNCHEON TOMATOES WITH CHEESE SAUCE

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

WANT to learn something interesting? Of course, we all do!

Then ask your grandmother if, when she was a little girl, she ever ate fresh, ripe tomatoes in April.

If she lives near-by, as we hope she does, you can ask her this very day. And we are certain-sure she will promptly say something like this, "Dear me, no, child! Ripe tomatoes in April? We were lucky to get any by the end of July!" (Of course, if you happen to live in Texas or Florida the answer may not come out that way, for in those nice warm states wonderful gardens flourish most the year around. But my grandmother lived in Ohio and the idea of tomatoes, fresh ones, in spring, just amused her!)

Then perhaps you will think, "But grandmother's old!" So ask your mother if *she* had fresh tomatoes in April when *she* was a little girl. Ten to one she will answer, "April! Ripe tomatoes? We never even thought of such a thing!" She may even go on as my mother did and say something like this, "I remember one year we wanted to have tomatoes for my sister's birthday because she was so fond of them. We planted the seeds in boxes, in the house, in February. We tended the seedlings carefully and set them out the first day we dared. We covered the plants on cold nights and were *so* careful. And we picked the first tomato in June, on sister's birthday—and everyone thought we were very smart, too."

But some day when *you* are a grandmother, think what you will be saying! "Why, when I was a little girl we had fresh ripe tomatoes all the year around. To be sure they were sometimes expensive, but we had them, good ones. And they certainly did taste fine!" The funny thing is that already we are so used to this that we hardly think all-year-round tomatoes wonderful any more. And seldom do people bother to remember that we have this pretty, wholesome food all the year around because of wonderful new methods of heating hot houses, in shipping from warm states and in the care of fruits and vegetables in transporting and marketing. But we cooks don't forget. We remember to appreciate the skill that gives us the chance to serve tomatoes in April and we show our pleasure by learning a new and very popular dish which uses them.

Our new recipe serves tomatoes with cheese in a way that really makes a whole meal in itself. If our portions were generous enough to satisfy hunger, we could eat just this one dish at a meal and be well fed, for it has so many different parts. But if we are likely to be very, very hungry, perhaps we had better add a bit of variety to the menu rather than serve too much of even a good dish. So we suggest this:

LUNCHEON MENU
Cream of Pea Soup with Crackers
Luncheon Tomatoes with Cheese Sauce
Fruit and Cookies

[*Continued on page 198*]

QUEENS OF SONG IN MUSIC LAND

[Continued from page 155]

accept the responsibility. She sang "Louise," the name part in the grand opera by Charpentier, and the next morning *Mary Garden was famous*. So many of us are not ready to step up to the plate when the umpire calls "Batter up," And then again when we do "pinch hit," as Miss Garden did, we seldom make a home-run with the bases filled, as she did. I hope you may hear and see Miss Garden in the name part of the opera of the "Juggler of Notre Dame." Her wonderful acting will make the story of the opera as clear as printed words could make it, and you will never forget the opera or the artist.

Who is our Queen of Song to-day? Why, Amelita Galli-Curci, of course. She has inherited the crown worn by Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti, and Dame Nellie Melba. As our reigning Queen she wears it brilliantly and yet with grace and modesty. Galli-Curci sings like a lark, which is a poetical way of saying that her tones are clear and liquid, her scales and trills are rapid, true and effortless. The ease with which she sings the most intricate passages is such that though I hold the score before me I cannot see or understand how she has sung the notes. Roulades, trills, scales, skips, and beautiful sustained passages pour forth from the throat of this little dark-haired Italian lady, just as they are supposed to come from the throat of a nightingale.

I have not named all the Queens and Princesses of song, but the famous women mentioned here have made places for themselves in the Hall of Fame. You should know their names, their golden voices (either through hearing them on the stage or on the records), and you should remember that their success was largely the result of long and intelligent work, plus clean living and high thinking. These are factors that will bring success to you in whatever you are studying or doing on the very day that you read this story of "Queens of Song in Music Land."

How Jimmie won the baseball game

Jimmie stepped up to bat. There was a swish — a crash — and the ball sailed far into the right field.

"A home run!" shouted the boys. Sure enough, Jimmie reached the home plate safely, winning the game for his school.

"No wonder you could knock a home run," exclaimed Captain Dick as he felt Jimmie's muscle. "What have you done to make yourself so strong?"

Jimmie smiled. "I eat Wheatena every morning," he said. "Teacher told me it would make my muscles strong and hard. I like it, too. It tastes just like toasted nuts."

"Now, I'm going to see that the other boys on the team also eat Wheatena," said Dick. "Then we'll be sure to win the championship."

There's a good reason why Wheatena made Jimmie so strong. It is the delicious nut-brown wheat cereal that supplies the minerals, vitamins, "bran-proteins," and other good things that boys and girls need for sound bones, sturdy muscles and hard, white teeth.

Ask your mother to get Wheatena from the grocer today so you may have it for breakfast tomorrow.

Special Offer!

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers—written by one of the most eminent child-health specialists in America. Absolutely authoritative. Only 10c brings you a copy. Please use coupon on right.

Wheatena Sample FREE

☐ Check here and we'll send you a sample of Wheatena FREE.

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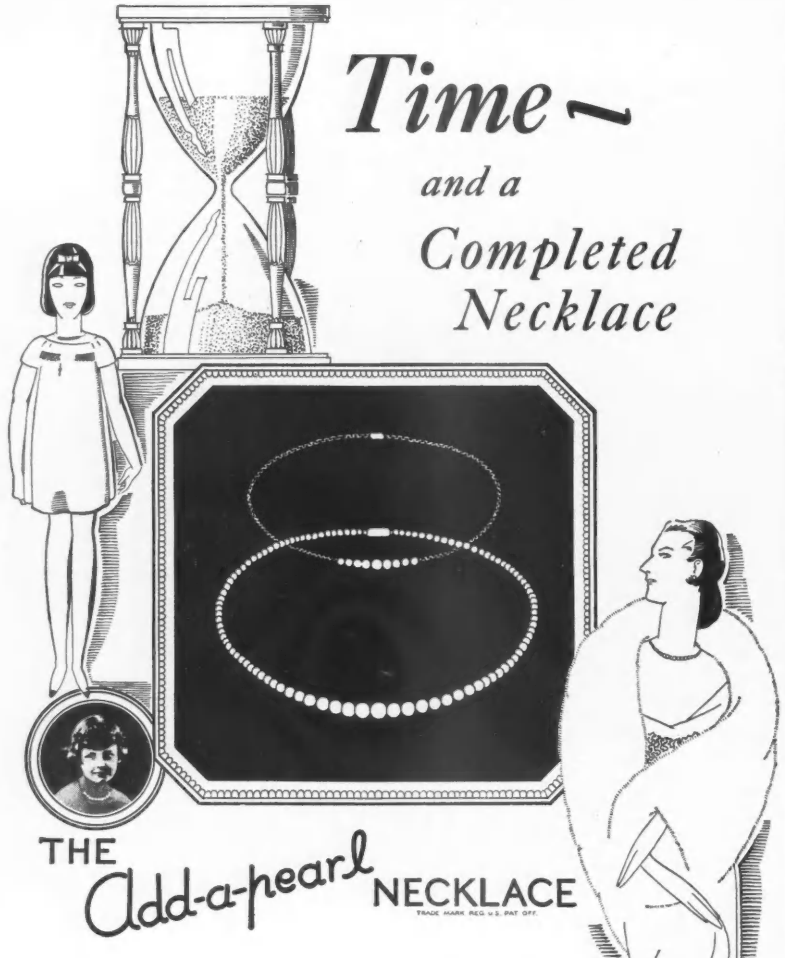


Time—
and a
Completed
Necklace

THE Add-a-pearl NECKLACE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TIME—change—growth. Just as the little girl of today steps into young womanhood tomorrow, an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE started today becomes the completed necklace of tomorrow.

ADD-A-PEARLS are genuine oriental pearls. Perfectly matched, whether in the original necklace or purchased separately for additions, every ADD-A-PEARL is of the finest quality. The necklace increases in value year after year.

Birthdays, anniversaries, any gift occasion, may be made happier by the gift of an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE or additional pearls. Start one this year for your girl. It is the "gift that lives and grows."

Consult your jeweler

ADD-A-PEARLS are genuine oriental pearls of the finest quality. Perfectly matched, the delicate coloring and exquisite beauty of these pearls brings joy to every girl who possesses them. The initial necklace may be secured for as low as ten dollars. Additional pearls, attractively mounted on gift cards, are of the same quality and may be secured for two dollars each, or more, depending on their size.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
CHICAGO

BURIED TREASURE HOUSE

[*Continued from page 166*]

"Oh dear!" Mab panted. "I see now why people hardly ever go out to the beach from Bayside! And it's ever so much farther! Let's rest!"

They were on top of a high, smooth dune of loose sand. Gerald sat down beside his sister.

Suddenly Mab gave a surprised squeal. "Gerald!" she cried. "Did you notice what you're sitting on?"

The boy looked down at the seat. "It's—it's a stack of bricks! "What a funny place for bricks! They don't wash up like logs!"

"It's a *chimney!*" Mab cried. "It's the top of a chimney!"

They stared at the bricks in astonishment. "How in the world could a chimney get out here—on top of a sand dune?" Mab asked.

(*Part II of "Buried Treasure House" will appear in the May issue of Child Life.*)

Good Citizens' League

[*Continued from page 180*]

speech beginning, "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad." Then Bill and Harvey, pretending to be Brutus and Cassius, gave the tent scene from "Julius Caesar."

While they were having their ice cream, Miss Bradley told them something of the poet himself. And she told them about Stratford-on-Avon, the English village where he had begun and ended his life, and about the beautiful theater which is to be built there to commemorate the memory of a man who, by giving truth and beauty to the world, had become one of its great benefactors.

League Membership

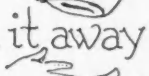
Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquires to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

(*The January Honor Roll will appear in the May issue.*)

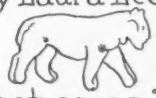
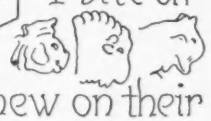
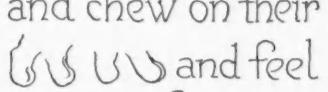
APRIL FUN

by Nancy Clinton

Put in the , and the sheets, fill with and the sweets, tie a to a  and pull it away from the that would grab it- it's April Day!

VALOR

by Laura Lee Randall

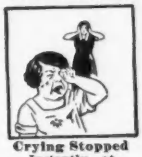
 crackers that come in a are twice as much fun as my and . I bite off their  and chew on their  and feel just as fierce as the I eat.

Gertrude Aline Strickler

Mothers! Feel Years Younger

A New Way in Child Training Produces Astonishing Results. Lifts the Burden of Fear, Worry and Anxiety from Parents' Shoulders. Applicable to Children of All Ages. Mail Coupon for Interesting Illustrated Booklet—Now Sent Free.

Thumb Sucking
Cured in 1 to 3 Days


Crying Stopped
Instantly—at Command

Quarreling Ended
In Amazingly Short Time

Instant Obedience
Without Threats or Bribes

Temper Overcome
In a Natural Way

Finger Nail Biting
Cured in 1 to 3 Days

Good Manners
Under All Conditions

NO MORE heartaches because children disobey. No more embarrassment due to their misbehavior in company. No more worrying over undesirable traits. No more nervous energy wasted in whipping or scolding. No more precious hours lost in fruitless efforts to "break" bad habits.

A new way in child training, sponsored by the Parents Association, a national organization with headquarters at Pleasant Hill, Ohio, ends all this. Now anyone, anywhere, can quickly and easily teach children to be polite, obedient and well mannered. Such children seldom cause parents a moment's grief, worry, annoyance, embarrassment or nervousness. They are loved by all—welcome everywhere—a constant source of comfort, pride and joy.

Amazing Results

By applying the proved, scientific methods as formulated by Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., (Harvard and Columbia)—founder of the system and Director of the Parents Association—you can save yourself untold trouble in the vitally important task of training your children.

Children of all ages—from infants to boys and girls of 15 and 18—respond almost instantly to these simple, effective methods—methods that are based on the examination and analysis of *more than 10,000 cases!* As Mrs. E. S. Robinson, Seattle, says, "I used to worry constantly over my boy's wild, uncontrollable streaks. Since applying your methods, all his tantrums have ceased." Mrs. P. S. Elsmore, Waltham, Mass., says, "I cannot say enough in favor of your methods. Instead of a spoiled 'only child,' we now have a dear little girl loved and admired by all."

A Boon to Parents

Proper development of children invariably works to the benefit of the parents. Nervous exhaustion and frequent outbursts of hysteria are unknown to those who have learned the secret of scientific child training. As Mrs. Paul R. Frost, Port Credit, Ont., says, "I have made our home a happier one. With the help of your books, I saved myself from a nervous breakdown." Mrs. Joseph Cluster, Meriden, Conn., says, "I suffered from chronic nervousness, but when I sit down with your books and my three-months-old baby it quiets my nerves and makes me more cheerful." Mrs. Wm. Welch, Summerdale, Pa., writes, "Not only has my child been bettered, but I, too, am happier, more confident and less worried than before."

Results Guaranteed

At this time a special invitation is being extended to parents who would like to join the Parents Association and learn the methods that are so successful with children and that are lightening the burdens of fathers and mothers everywhere. Membership in the Association—which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery. Each lesson is in illustrated chart form—easy to read—easy to understand—easy to apply. The helpful suggestions contained in this course are absolutely guaranteed to produce the desired results, or the cost of Association Membership will be promptly refunded.

Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge a booklet called "The New Way in Child Training," which explains the work of the Association and the special benefit it offers to members.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, send for this free booklet now, before you lay this magazine aside. There is no need of writing. The coupon below is for your convenience. Clip and mail it now.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 984 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Free Book Coupon

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 984, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your booklet, "The New Way in Child Training," and information about the Parents Association, free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

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The wonder of a little *Sugar in his Food*

SUGAR is a wonderful flavor for simple food. Children love it—and especially does it help them eat enough of the fruits, vegetables, eggs, milk, cereals, and simple desserts. These, as you know, are building foods. Flavored with sugar they can taste delightful to a child.

Some of the needed "quart of milk a day" can be made into an egg-nog (egg beaten into milk, then flavored and sweetened). Or into blanc mange, egg custard, or creamed soup such as tomato, also sweetened.

Breakfast can become interesting when the child can sprinkle sugar over his cereal or fruit; and for lunch, carrots and peas may be cooked with a little sweetening.

Does he like orangeade or lemonade? There's the vital fruit juice, the energizing sugar, and the needed water. Gelatine, with fruit, delights a child—and think of all the vitamins, minerals, and roughage in the fruit.

Sugar can flavor delightfully so many dishes that a child may eat enough of other foods to become a little overweight. This is much to be desired! Physicians affirm this. They say the healthiest, happiest children are those who weigh a few pounds extra. Put the wonder of a little sugar, often, into the child's food. Good food promotes good health. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York City.

THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

[*Continued from page 169*]

according to Mr. Aldrich, except as lots of dogs are remarkable when it comes to learning tricks. Many trained animals have learned their cues and are dependent on them in order to do their acts.

The letter came from Belden Place as we were leaving the dining room, and the magician smiled as he put it in his pocket. He had to be on his way in half an hour, but in the meanwhile, he would have time to show us a few tricks. We followed him into the sitting room of his suite at the hotel, and he picked up his high silk hat and took Miffles out of it again. We couldn't see how he ever did it, because the dog was so much bigger than the hat.

But he did even more surprising things. He pulled a pack of cards out of Daddy's ear and found ten yards of pink ribbon in Jimmy's coat pocket. He tossed balls up into the air and they disappeared, and then he whistled for them and they came back again.

"If you want to see some real magic," he said, "you'll have to go over to Arlington next winter. I play there at the Grand Vaudeville Theater every year."

With the promise that we would be sure to see him in a few months, we left the kind magician and made our way back to the circus grounds again, with Miffles frisking at our heels. The little rascal—he seemed to realize that the question of his ownership was definitely settled. He was ours forever now—never again could anyone take him away from us—and he wanted to celebrate in his own puppy fashion. He jumped upon us with his dusty paws, like any ordinary dog, and chased every cat he saw. And if Miffles was tickled, you can just imagine the feelings of Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated.

There was an even larger crowd at the circus that evening, and best of all our three families were in the audience. We decided to try Miffles' old master's stunt and pretend to put him through his

tricks first without giving him his cue. We were afraid that he might whine, but he seemed to know that we understood him now, and when Jimmy commanded him to dance, he rolled over on his back and stuck all four paws straight up into the air. Then I ordered him to solve his arithmetic problems, but he yawned in my face and put up a dainty paw to hide the yawn. The audience laughed, as the magician said Fulton Thorne's audiences had laughed, and Miffles seemed to enjoy himself as much as anyone.

"You forget," said Patty, loud enough for everyone to hear, "that our pet was once elected president of the dog pound. He will not perform unless he is treated with respect."

At that Jimmy bowed very low and said, "Your Excellency, I beg you to waltz for us," and Miffles rose to his hind legs and danced.

When the very last act was over, the Fayetteville Junior Band played an extra selection, while the judges met to confer about the prize. When Mayor Osborne walked into the sawdust ring, every spectator and every performer straightened up and listened.

"First of all," said the Mayor, "I think you will be interested in learning that the two performances of the circus will net the Woman's Club a profit of eighty dollars, a sum that will be applied toward the establishment of the new Fayetteville Day Nursery. Our thanks go to Mrs. Patterson and to all our young friends who have made this possible."

When the audience broke into applause this time, it seemed to me that it was quite unnecessary. What we wanted to know was who had won the prize.

"In regard to the twenty-dollar gold piece to be awarded for the best act, the judges have been giving the matter very careful thought." The Mayor's lip twitched in a smile, and he paused in that tantalizing way so many grown-up people seem to have. "After due consideration, we have decided that the prize shall go to Miffles, the Mystery Dog."

[Continued on page 203]

Now in the Homes of 2,500,000 Children

The BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Children's Encyclopedia

Can You Answer Their Questions In a Way That Satisfies Them?

What makes the snow fall?
Why does the sea taste salt?
Why do we sleep?
How does a cow make its milk?
Where does the sun go at night?
Why do we have finger-nails?

IT IS usually the most familiar subjects for which we have no clear explanations to give the children. Yet these eager questions are but the beginning of your child's desire to learn. Send for the free booklet of informational pages and striking educational pictures from The Book of Knowledge and you will see how simply, easily, naturally the children's curiosity may day by day be turned into important knowledge.

The Knowledge of the World

In the most delightfully entertaining manner, with thousands of wonderful pictures, The Book of Knowledge gives children an indispensable knowledge of the world in which they live—answers their questions, tells of sun, moon and stars, shows them the great workshops of industry, tells of Nature's many-sided life, of their own wonderful bodies, of foreign lands, of our own country. The treasures of art and literature are shown. Stories, poems and educational games offer the best type of entertainment.

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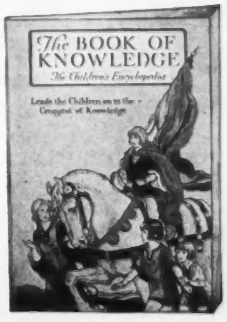
The Book of Knowledge is the finest example of visual education. The world-knowledge is spread before the child in 15,000 fascinating pictures, every one of which tells something important to know or something delightful to think about. These are an education in themselves, a striking, unforgettable picture-gallery of knowledge, making clear at a glance facts impossible to grasp by the written word alone.

This Beautiful Free Booklet is a Gift That Your Child Will Love



THE GROLIER SOCIETY, *Dept. 215*
2 West 45th Street New York, N.Y.

You may send me free for my children the beautiful new booklet, "The Conquest of Knowledge," from the new edition of The Book of Knowledge.

Name.....

Address.....

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Child Life 4-29

—"meet little Miss Acrobat"

of course *ACROBAT SHOES won't teach youngsters acrobatics — but they will make them* *feel that way* *strong — energetic — bright and happy. They're* *so flexible — shaped as natural as the feet* *they're born with — built without* *nails or tacks — no filling between soles to get lumpy and cause pain — — — And they're triple-stitched* *for triple-strength!*

ARE they good looking? You have only to see their trim tailored appearance to know that here, indeed, is the one shoe built with a craftsman's care for comfort and health, for comfort and long-wear, for comfort and style.

Little Miss Acrobat, pictured above, is an enthusiastic wearer of Acrobat Shoes. She's a talented little Miss. "Yet," as her mother says, "she never could have attained her skill in difficult dance steps and acrobatics if her feet had not been kept perfectly natural, muscular and elastic by using ACROBAT SHOES."

Give your child the benefit of our 36 years in the exclusive manufacture of "good shoes for children."

If your dealer cannot supply ACROBAT SHOES, send coupon for our Illustrated Folder. All shoes sold on a strict "satisfaction or money back" guarantee.

ACROBAT SHOES

No. 1151
Coffee Elk Blucher Oxford. In stock. Sizes 5/8 BCD 8½/12 BCD

No. 1709
Chrome Patent One Strap. In Stock. Sizes 5/8 BCD—8½/12 BCD 12½/2 BCD

SHAFT-PIERCE SHOE COMPANY
591 Third St., Faribault, Minnesota

Gentlemen: Please send free your folder and instructive booklet: "Keep Your Child's Feet Happy."

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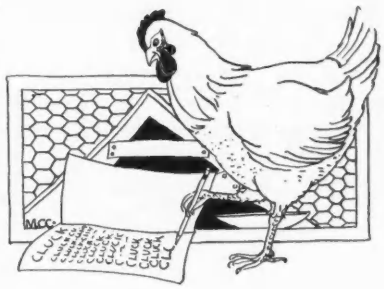

PETER MALONE

[*Continued from page 159*]

trip past Grandma's house, Sally Lou, not without tears, packed Peter in a little basket.

"Daddy," she said, "tell Grandma I love Peter very much, and ask her to take good care of him."

When Daddy returned he said, "Your grandma says she has placed a red band about Peter Malone's leg so that you may know him when summer comes."

"Just as though I would forget my own baby," sniffed Sally.

But by the time Sally Lou and Betty Sue had reached the farm in the summer, Peter had grown so large that they would never have known him. Grandma said the scrawny little peeper had grown to be the finest of the whole brood.

Sally Lou declared that Peter remembered her. At any rate, Peter and Sally were great chums, and every one on the farm laughed to see Sally Lou carrying her baby, as she called Peter, all about the farm. In time Peter learned to follow Sally Lou, waiting for the crumbs she always carried in her pocket.

My, how sorry she was to say good-by to Peter Malone when the visit was ended. She hugged him and said, "Take good care of Peter, Grandma. He's the smartest chicken that ever lived."

From time to time Sally heard that Peter was well and thriving. When the next Easter vacation rolled around, Sally Lou and Betty Sue did not visit at the farm, so they had not seen Peter in many months. But day before Easter the friends had a letter from Peter. Yes, indeed, from Peter, and such a funny letter! Of course, Grandma had helped Peter write it. It read:

Cluck Cluck:

Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck. Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck.

Cluck Cluck.

Dear Sally:

I am sending you an Easter present. I made it all by myself. Happy Easter!

Peter Malone.

Inclosed was a letter from Grandma which said, "I am sending by express a box which is for both of you girls. It is to be opened on Easter morning. Peter Malone is also sending a present which he asks you to divide with Betty. He dictated a letter in chicken language and asked me to tell you what it means, so I did."

The large box arrived that afternoon. Sally Lou and Betty Sue hovered about it, and tried to peer through the large cracks.

On Easter morning they were up with the chirping of the robins. Sally's father had the nails pulled from the top of the box, so the girls could easily lift the lid. There were layers and layers of excelsior, and beneath them were four red boxes. Two were labeled, "To Betty Sue from Grandma," and two said, "To Sally Lou from Grandma." These held candy eggs and little flower and animal cookies.

The lovely box of garden flowers was for the mothers, and in the bottom was a flat basket. It was labeled: "To Sally Lou and Betty Sue from Peter Malone."

The basket was filled with bright green straw, and in it were eighteen red and blue and green and gold eggs. Folded beneath the eggs was a note from Grandma. It read: "Peter laid every one of these eggs in the nest under the gooseberry bush where she was hatched. She is now acting as though she wants to set, just as her mother did, so I am going to leave her there."

Oh, didn't Sally Lou and Betty Sue laugh at Peter Malone!

"You will have to change Peter's name, when he is the mother of little chickens, "said Betty Sue.

"Indeed I shall not," replied Sally Lou. "I like that name, so I shall just call him *Mrs. Peter Malone.*"

Why not this summer?

gratify that great urge of the wanderlust?

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If your time is limited or your plans vague, a Santa Fe representative is at your service. He will offer suggestions or plan your journey with greatest economy of time and energy. All irksome details will be taken care of and you have only to enjoy the rest and recreation.

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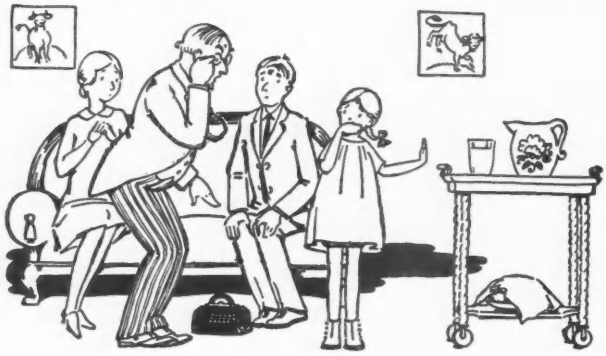

Do you like milk ?

We know a little girl who didn't

SHE was *always* tired. So one day her Mother called in a Doctor Man. And he said, "Get her to drink a lot of milk and stay out of doors."

But Mary—that was her name—said she wouldn't drink milk 'cause it tasted "udgie." That was before she had THE ADVENTURE with Mrs. Cow.

Ever since *then*, she loves drinking, milk, because Mother adds a little sugar and half a teaspoonful of Burnett's Vanilla to the glass. And that is all due to Mrs. Cow!

P.S. If you would like to hear all about how Mary found out about Vanillamilk, just ask us to send you a little book called "*Why the Cows Cried*" (that's the name of the Adventure). It has pictures of Mary and Mrs. Cow and the vanilla vine! It is made especially for *you*.

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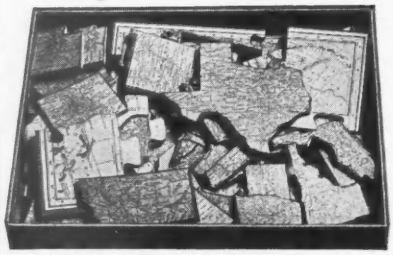

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MADMAR QUALITY CO., Utica, N.Y.

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE WOOD

[*Continued from page 160*]

"I am so glad you have come! Now the last of this bothersome ice will leave, and I shall be able to speak out clearly."

The South Wind could not understand what he had to do with the ice, but he felt pleased.

"Go, ice, go!" he said, breathing hard. And it seemed to him, after a while, that the ice really was shrinking away from him.

He had just crossed the brook, a little later on, when he heard a crackling in some bushes near-by.

"Just as I thought—a bear," he said to himself.

But the next instant several pieces of ice went sliding to the ground from the stalk of the bush.

"What a relief," sighed the bush. "Thank you, South Wind."

South Wind could not see what he had had to do with the falling ice, but he puffed out his chest and breathed extra hard. Presently he could hear in every direction the crackle, crackle of slipping ice.

As he went along through the wintry wood, he seemed to hear a kind of stir everywhere, and little soft-spoken words of pleasure.

"I am really having a very good time in here," he said aloud.

A voice answered him suddenly from the bough of a tall tree. "Thought you were never coming, though," it said.

A large robin was perched on a very small twig; he had on a brown overcoat and a red ruffled vest. "Since you came into these woods," he went on, "the buds are swelling so fast that I can't even find a comfortable twig to sit on. But it's good to have you here, I can tell you. Just to prove it, I'll give you a tune."

So saying, he lifted his head and sang a long, remarkable song, full of trills and grace notes. In it he said, among other things, that he sincerely hoped the South Wind would stay as long as possible.

South Wind murmured a pleasant reply and went on his way. He did not quite understand, but he liked the idea of being so useful.

All at once something went whisking through the underbrush close by. A moment later, it came softly back. It was a small, gray, furry creature with a sort of puff-ball tail. Pausing before South Wind, it sat up and looked at him with large eyes.

"In case you don't know," it said, "I am a rabbit. I just want to say that it is good to have you here; the wood is like a new place, already."

"In what way?" South Wind asked.

The rabbit motioned with one paw to the roots of a large oak. "Well, look at that, to begin with," he said. "Those violets have been holding back for weeks; to-day they threw off their hoods. Also, the little flowers with bells are beginning to ring them. Hist!"

He put one paw behind his ear and looked at South Wind.

South Wind looked and listened. Sure enough, a group of lovely little flowers were nodding together at the roots of the oak, and somewhere near-by he could hear the faint sound of bells.

As he wandered on, after telling the rabbit good-by, he noticed that on all sides the moss was growing greener and the buds were swelling.

He began to hum under his breath and to skip a little. And as he skipped and hummed, the boughs and bushes seemed to be keeping time with him.

All at once a bough swung very low, and a high-pitched, happy little voice said, "Well, I see you are on your way out of the wood. Please let me say that I wouldn't take a dozen large nuts for what you have done."

The speaker was another furry animal, not so large as the first one. He had a huge plume of a tail that he held pridefully.

"My name is Squirrel," he said politely, tucking a nut under his arm as he spoke. "You have been very welcome. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," replied South Wind. "You might explain to me why the wood has seemed so glad for me to be here."

The Squirrel took the nut from under his arm, cracked it, and nibbled the meat thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "you are pleasant and warm-hearted, you see. And winter likes coldness. So when you come, he goes; and then you make things pleasant for us. Do come again."

"I will, indeed," South Wind promised. "And very soon."

As he pushed on out toward the meadow he said to himself, "I think I'll go back to-morrow, soon after sunrise."

And the next day, soon after sunrise, back he went.

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Protective . . Smart . . Sturdy

THE feet of growing boys and girls are plastic—require special care and attention. Educator Shoes insure normal, sturdy development—are smart, comfortable and built for hard wear. Note the five points of Educator perfection:

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BRINGS THE SEASIDE HOME

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SPLASH! PUDDLE DUCK POOL is a portable canvas tank 5 ft. x 7 ft. x 12 inches deep. The canvas is of cool green color with a hard waterproof finish inside and nicely decorated on the exterior. The frame work is of enameled pipe readily collapsible. Water sprays from the pipe frame supporting the canvas. The depth of water can be regulated from 2 to 10 inches. Garden hose connections are furnished for both spray and for drainage of water from Pool. It is safe for children of all ages and has been tested and awarded the Child Life Seal of Approval. There is room for at least five children in the Pool. Shipped to you in a carton.

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HEAR the jolly laughter of happy, care-free children, as they romp and play on Merremaker Home Playground Equipment, safe from harm in their own back yard. Glorious fun and health-building exercise for children of all ages. It brings the roses to their cheeks and the sparkle to their eyes.

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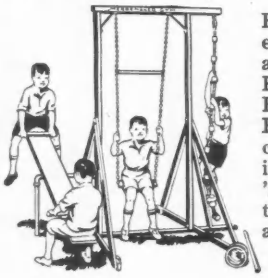
Combines the three greatest plays of childhood in one compact piece of home playground equipment—Slide, Teeter-Totter and Merry-Go-Round. Easily changed from one to the other by the children without help. Special rubber padding so it can be used indoors in the winter. Sturdily constructed and finished in beautiful weather-proof colors.

Complete Gym—6 Plays in 1



Fun galore and healthful exercise for children of all ages on this Merremaker 6-Play Gym—Swing, Trapeze, Flying Rings, Horizontal Bar, Teeter-Totter and Circus Climber. Can be used indoors or outdoors the year 'round. No tools necessary to change from one play to another.

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Children just love to play in this Sand Box. Special bottom keeps sand clean and in perfect condition. Wide seat boards for them to sit on. High legs keep the box up off the damp ground. Heavy sun-fast canopy in beautiful colors that will not fade.

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Send me FREE new complete catalog and NEW, LOW PRICES, of all Merremaker Home Playground Equipment.

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AN EASTER BUNNY PARTY

[*Continued from page 157*]

Suddenly a terrible crash is heard, which sounds for all the world like the downfall of China. Possibly an old cup and saucer of Mother's—who knows? But—"Why, that must be some of the Easter chicks, just hatching out!" Let's go and see what has happened in the dining room!" suggests a grown-up, and everybody runs in and sees—just the most beautiful table in the world!

Most of the decorations are yellow and white. There are snowy round lace-paper doilies at every place. The napkins are small ones, folded flat and slipped through a yellow cardboard ring of small bunnies in a row, like the invitations. The names are also written on these napkin rings.

Beside every boy's and girl's place stands a funny little "Lollibunny," who always makes everyone giggle because she is such a queer-looking little rabbit lady. She is made of a lollipop with a stiff round cardboard bunny's face held in place by a bright yellow crepe-paper bonnet. An oblong piece of yellow crepe paper is frilled around the stick, making a dress which is long enough and stiff enough to hold the bunny upright on the table. A tiny square white apron is also tied about her waist, making her look very girlish, indeed, except for her black thread *whiskers* which fairly *bristle* with beeswax.

But oh! Aren't those chickens *really* hatching out of their eggs? There they are, one at every place, tiny fuzzy yellow chicks just coming out of real egg shells! *Somebody* in the house must have been saving empty egg shells whenever she baked a cake, for there are twelve of them, each one broken open at the top, and clean and white as can be. They have been slightly crushed on the other side, and glued to a square of yellow cardboard so they will stand up. They have been filled with tiny candy eggs, and a little chick placed on top of every one.

The centerpiece is a lovely one for Eastertime. In a large shallow glass bowl half filled with water, there are just a few yellow tulips, while swimming around in the water are tiny celluloid ducks.

Refreshments are nests of yellow spun sugar filled with balls or "eggs" of ice cream.

Graham crackers are delicious when frosted with yellow or white icing, besides being very nourishing for all boys and girls. While the frosting is still fresh, a wee chocolate bunny or chick might be placed in the center of each one, and, ooh, you and your guests will surely agree they are just "awf'ly good!"

OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 179]

center of the stick end. With this, it is finished.

Now, to operate the magic propeller! Grasp the stick with the left hand, as shown in Figure 1, hold a coin between the thumb and first finger of the right hand, rub the coin briskly over the notched edge, allowing the first finger to drag along the outer face of the stick, and command, "Right turn!" Immediately, the little propeller will begin to spin from left to right, as you commanded. To change the direction, continue rubbing the coin over the notches, lift your first finger so that it no longer touches the stick, allow your second finger to drag along the inner face of the stick, and command, "Left turn!" Responding to this command, the propeller will stop an instant, then reverse, spinning from right to left. This sounds like magic, doesn't it? But it is just what happens. And with practice you can become so expert in shifting the first and second fingers that no friends will detect the trick.

Now, mount a second propeller at the opposite end of the stick for the magic twin propeller stick shown in Figure 4. To operate the pair, grasp the stick at its center, and rub the notches as before.

The airplane toy shown in Figure 5 has the same kind of propeller, fastened to a stick shaped like the body of an airplane, with wing, elevator and landing wheels mounted upon it. Figure 6 shows a pattern for the body stick. The squares drawn across it will give you the dimensions. Each square is ½ inch long. There are thirty squares in the length, so you may know that the stick is 15 inches long. If you do not get the shape exactly as shown, it will not matter, provided it looks like an airplane body. The notch in the top edge near the front is a window, the projection near the handle is the rudder and fin. Cut nine or ten notches in the top edge, as shown, with a file or knife.

Cut the wing (Figure 7) and the elevator (Figure 8) from a piece of cigar-box wood. Notch the elevator to fit over the fin. Fasten the plane and elevator with glue and brads. The propeller is shown in Figure 9.

Use small button molds for landing wheels. Mount them, as shown in Figures 10 and 11, upon a piece of wire with ends bent to hold them in place. Fasten the upper part of the wire to the under side of the body stick with a double-pointed tack, or with a brad driven in and bent over. Make the tail skid of a bent nail (Figure 5).

Now paint the toy. Radiator aluminum paint is best.

Because of the stiffness of the body stick, it is difficult to make the toy airplane propeller revolve in both directions. But who ever saw an airplane propeller that did? Hold the toy by the handle (Figure 5), or support the handle on the edge of a table, and rub the notches either with a coin or the side of a pencil. The sound produced is an excellent imitation of the roar of a motor.

Jackie entertains a real live clown

CIRCUS in town. And Jackie—poor, sick little fellow—couldn't go! Maybe, if he drank his milk every day, by next year, he might be strong enough, Mother said.

But Jackie *could* see the circus parade. It passed right in front of his door. And then — just when Jackie was enjoying the clowns the most — one of them, after a particularly lovely somersault, hit his head on the curb and had to be brought into Jackie's house until he felt better.

"Stay to lunch with us," begged Jackie's mother. "*Please*," added Jackie. So the clown did, and entertained Jackie by playing the funniest tricks you ever saw!

Right at the lunch table he performed the best trick of all. "Open your mouth, shut your eyes," he told Jackie. And Jackie did, and found himself drinking the nicest hot drink in the world!

It's milk in a new way," the clown told Jackie. "It's Instant Postum made with milk. Promise me you'll drink it often, so you'll be well enough to come to the circus next year."

"I *love* it. I'll always drink it," declared Jackie. And he does. And what a well boy he's going to be when he meets his old friend, the clown, at the circus, *this* year!

• • •

MOTHERS: Instant Postum made with hot (not boiled) milk, is an excellent drink for children. It is warm and satisfying and savory, and above all, so good for them. Made of whole wheat and bran, with just a little sweetening. Instant Postum adds to the fine body-building nourishment of milk its own quota of wholesomeness. That is why school authorities all over the country are making it the official noon-time drink. And it's so easy to make—and economical, too.

A week's supply of Postum, as well as Carrie Blanchard's helpful booklet about Postum for children, will be sent you free. Just fill in the coupon.

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POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED, Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup).

Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

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Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.
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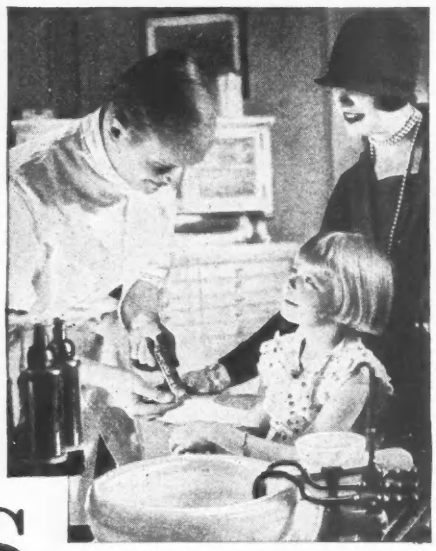


"She loves to brush her teeth now, doctor . . .

ever since she tried delicious-tasting Colgate's"

BRUSHING teeth .... how often children rebel against it .... yet how vital it is to their health and growth.

Neglected teeth, say dental authorities, can make a strong little body grow sickly and delicate .... can retard mental development .... can even lead to permanent facial distortion.

So teach your children this great health habit at once. But do it in a way they will enjoy .... give them Colgate's. It's delicious .... makes toothbrushing fun .... makes the habit quickly formed.

For years Colgate's has been the ideal toothpaste for children. First, because its tangy peppermint flavor is so thrilling to the taste.

And second, because Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly yet safely! It contains no medication to upset digestion, no strong antiseptics or harsh abrasives to injure delicate tissues or enamel.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a mild, pure form. This cleansing agent bursts into a delicious penetrating foam that sweeps over teeth and gums, searching into the tiny fissures where the toothbrush cannot reach, dislodging clinging food particles and mucin, sweeping away impurities in a cleansing, "detergent" wave.

In this foam is carried a fine, soft powder which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and purifies .... sweetens and refreshes the entire mouth—restores the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

Colgate's is economical, too. The famous 25c tube contains more dentifrice than any other leading selling brand priced at a quarter.

FREE: to Mothers—

To make children eager to brush teeth, Colgate's has made a game of it. The Colgate Clean Teeth Chart records each daily brushing. And a beautiful bronze Colgate Health Club pin is promised to the child who cleans teeth regularly. Parents and educators say this method works wonders—for it appeals to the child's play instinct! Try it. Mail this coupon. We will send you a free chart for each child, and a free trial tube of Colgate's to start on at once.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1853, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

Gentlemen: Please send me "Clean Teeth Charts" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for.....children.

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....

APRIL'S CHRISTMAS GOLD

[*Continued from page 163*]

and lay there tired out, catching his breath in gasps.

Getting up slowly, minutes later, he walked stiffly to the fire. His back was bent from the strain he had gone through. After a while he was able to straighten up.

Brushing the gray ash from the coals he laid wood on the fire and watched the blaze grow. He pulled on his mackinaw, for the spring wind bit through his dripping shirt and underwear.

He was fumbling with his sore hands in one of the packs, looking for a first-aid kit when he heard distant voices. Struggling up from his knees, he saw it was the patrol returning.

"What's the matter, Bob?" Tiny hailed. "We thought you were going to catch up. When you didn't show up we worried a little, so we came back."

"The gold!" Bob gasped. "There!"

Then he explained, and the scouts went wild with joy. Tiny sent Tom Baker off to the mills to get old Mr. Robbins, and set to work washing and bandaging Bob's battered hands.

A short time later, after the scouts had dragged the ice up to the shore, Tom and a tall man came swinging up the trail.

"This is Mr. Robbins—Mr. Robbins, this is the—the Pine Tree Patrol, Troop 21, Scouts, Marathon County," said Tom.

The man nodded and smiled. The boys liked his ruddy, kindly face and easy manner. His blue eyes twinkled when he said, "I hear you have found my Christmas gold.

"That's the queerest thing in the world," the old lumberman went on. "When I had to let the bag go, the current must have swept it under the ice and carried it on until this snag, lying close to the surface, speared it through the handle with the other end. The ice froze awfully thick this winter. That's why there is so much jammed up here yet. It seems that this piece of snag and the bag were frozen in. This spring the ice broke up, and you see," he added, touching the jagged end of the snag, "it broke this snag from the main stem, and finally it was thrown up against the boom."

After a time he turned to Bob. "You are going to have plenty of gold for a reward," he said.

"The reward goes to the troop, not to me," Bob replied quickly.

"Hip—Hip—Hooo—Ray—" Arnold Coleman yelled and the rest joined in.

"What are you going to do with your gold? You'll be able to buy a good many things now," Mr. Robbins said when the noise had stopped.

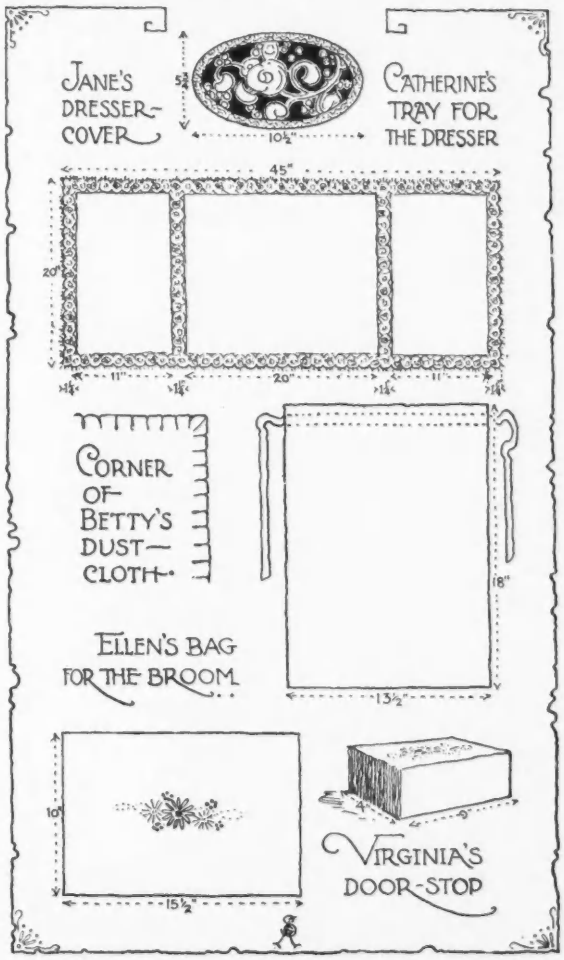
"A cabin on our own land," Tiny piped up, "thanks to our tenderfoot, here, and—you, and—"

"And an April shipment of Christmas gold," said MacLaughlin Bruce, the Scotch troop treasurer, as he turned the leaves of a little black bank book.

C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

(*Continued from page 174*)

The girls nodded approvingly and Virginia added, "Your things look so pretty and will be fun to use. But see what I have! I brought two pieces of black sateen. In the center of the larger one I am going to embroider a flower—maybe I'll cross-stitch it. No, I guess the 'lazy daisy' stitch would be easier and just as pretty. I found these bits of rose, blue and green yarn left over from sister's sweater-making. Then I'll wrap a brick first in cotton batting and then in the sateen, being careful to fit the flower in the very center of the top. I'll fold the corners neatly, just as though I were wrapping a package. When that piece is tacked at the corners, and sewed in place on the bottom, I'll cover the sewing with this other piece of black sateen so it will look neat. Now don't you think that it will make a handy door-stop?"

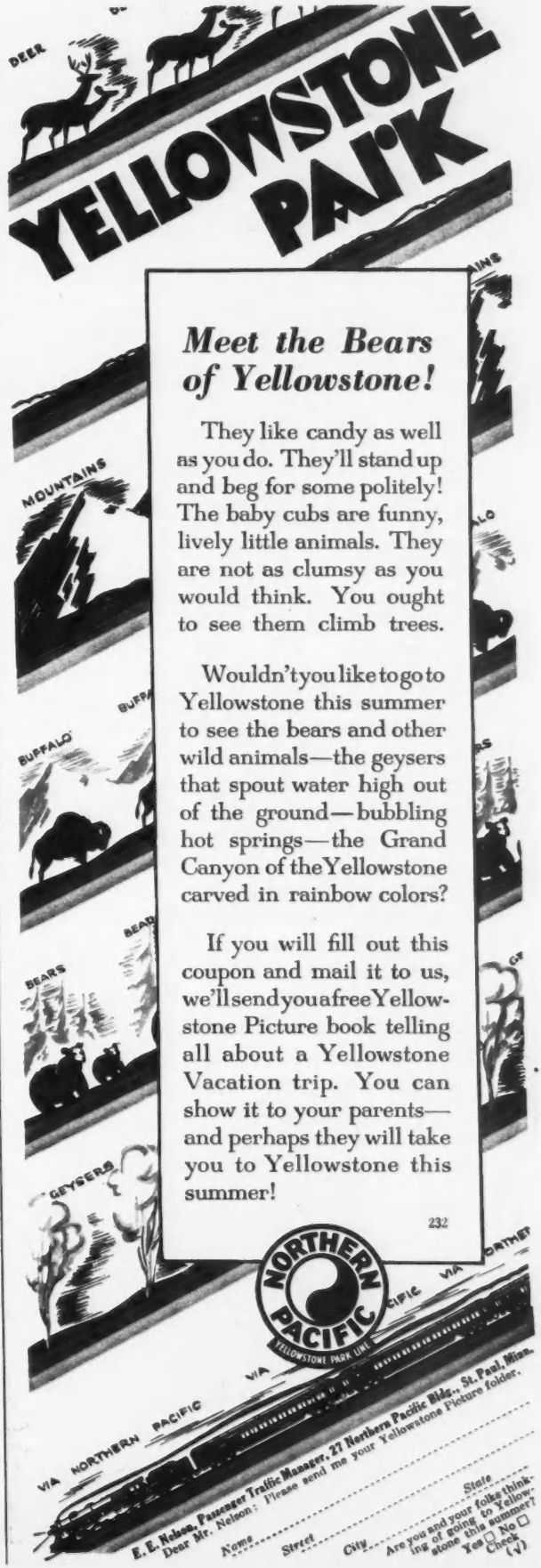


Everyone heartily approved of Virginia's clever idea. But they were highly amused at the thought of dressing up a brick in such style.

Jane had a yard of lovely rose linen which she had cut into three pieces, one 18 by 20 inches and the other two 18 by 11 inches. She also had some ivory lace—a yard of insertion and 3¼ yards of edging.

"Mother is getting a glass top for her dresser,"

(*Continued on page 198*)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DEER
MOUNTAINS
BUFFALO
BEARS
GEYSERS
Meet the Bears of Yellowstone!
They like candy as well as you do. They'll stand up and beg for some politely! The baby cubs are funny, lively little animals. They are not as clumsy as you would think. You ought to see them climb trees.
Wouldn't you like to go to Yellowstone this summer to see the bears and other wild animals—the geysers that spout water high out of the ground—bubbling hot springs—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone carved in rainbow colors?
If you will fill out this coupon and mail it to us, we'll send you a free Yellowstone Picture book telling all about a Yellowstone Vacation trip. You can show it to your parents—and perhaps they will take you to Yellowstone this summer!
232
NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
VIA NORTHERN PACIFIC
E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager, 27 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Dear Mr. Nelson: Please send me your Yellowstone Picture folder.
Name
Street
City
State
Are you and your folks thinking of going to Yellowstone this summer? Yes ☐ No ☐
Check (√)

CALENDAR FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

(For directions for the "April Sunshine Game," see page 198.)

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns

BABETTE does not know which she likes the better—the bunnies or her new spring dresses.

Bunny wiggles his nose and thinks the little crepe dress she is wearing is very nice indeed!

Of course her Eton jacket and pleated skirt are cunning, to say nothing of her fluffy, ruffly organdy frock.

Still—Bunny likes the one she is wearing. What do you think about it?

Pattern: No. 6122. 4 sizes; 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.
Pattern: No. 6350. 4 sizes; 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.
Pattern: No. 6419. 4 sizes; 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

(*Continued from page 195*)

she explained, "so I thought I'd surprise her with a new cover to put under it. I'll join the three sections together by whipping on the insertion—see!" She held the pieces in place to show her idea. "And then I'll whip the edging all around the whole thing. The hardest part will be fitting the lace around the corners. Aunt Sue said to whip till an inch from the corner and then gather two or three inches of lace and fit it in place, then continue whipping right over the gathers. She said when I really did it, I would understand.

"Go ahead," laughed Catherine, "and don't wait for me to thread a needle, for I am using glue instead! I have ¾ of a yard of gold lace insertion; ¾ of a yard of bias sunfast material and a piece of cretonne 10½ by 5¾ inches. I'm going to cover this old oval picture frame with the rose and glue the gold lace over the goods. In the picture part, I shall put the cretonne. After I get it together, I shall paste felt on the bottom—paper might do, I suppose. It will make an attractive tray for a dresser, you see. The trick will be to get enough glue to hold without getting too much and making it horrid. Now here goes!"

They started on their sewing with eagerness and they worked till Catherine's mother knocked on the door and announced that it was time for out-of-door play. So there was a display of finished work and the circle adjourned until the next month.

THE SUNSHINE GAME

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of "*Tucked in Tales*," "*The Jolly Book of Boxcraft*," "*The Complete Playcraft Book*," etc.

THIS game is played upon the magazine page without cutting the magazine. It is played with buttons for men and one large button for counter. (See page 196.)

Sew a different-colored thread at center of each player's button to distinguish it from that belonging to another player.

Play in turn. Count out for order of play.

Play is made by tossing the big button which is the counter; rightside up, as the button falls, means *sunshine;* wrongside up, means *shower.*

All players start upon the first day of the month, trying to make all days as sunshiny as possible. Toss the counter; if *sunshine* is obtained, go on to the next day. If *shower* comes, you must wait over and try again till you can obtain *sunshine* on that day of the month which you are on.

The one to make and find most sunshine in the month is the one to win the game, finishing ahead of all and going out of the game at the thirtieth day!

See who can win the April game!

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 182*]

You know how to make the cream of pea soup and the cookies. The fruit may be served in the form of plain, fresh fruit, whatever is in your market, or you may prepare a choice dish of ambrosia, which was one of our first lessons. So most of your time can be spent in learning and cooking our new dish which is to be beautifully cooked and served.

As supplies, you will need one small or medium tomato for each person served. If your market has only large tomatoes, plan one for each two persons. You will need four slices of bread that is more than twenty-four hours old, for toasting; four slices of bacon, 4 ounces of cheese, parsley, butter, flour, milk, salt, and paprika. Select a sharp cheese, some call it a "nippy" cheese; if there is some in the house that is old and rather hard, it will do nicely, as the flavor will likely be fine and it can be grated instead of cut. Perhaps you will prefer to buy the ready-grated cheese which is very nice for this use.

For utensils you will need a small sauce pan, a mixing spoon, a sharp knife, a grater (if you use hard cheese), a frying pan, a large pan for broiling the tomatoes and measuring spoons and cup.

We will plan the recipe for four persons, one serving each. If you wish to make more, increase the recipe. If you use more than double, which of course isn't likely, make the increased amount of sauce in two lots, as too large a quantity of white sauce might be difficult to make nicely at one time. This sauce is very simple and easy if correctly done; if you attempt too large a quantity, it might be too hard to stir smoothly.

Now with all materials and utensils arranged conveniently on the kitchen table, we are ready for cooking.

LUNCHEON TOMATOES WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Cut away the stem end of each tomato, removing a rim of peeling at the same time.

Cut away a portion of peeling at the opposite end, removing a piece about the size of a fifty cent piece. **Then cut the tomato into thick slices.** A small tomato will make two slices, a large one four.

Arrange the slices on a shallow pan ready for broiling. **Sprinkle with salt, using ⅛ teaspoonful for each slice.**

Slice four slices of bread and place conveniently at one side.

Cut four ounces of cheese into thin, tiny bits. If the cheese

Ceresota Flour

BULLETIN:

Ceresota Flour is not bleached which means much It is an excellant flour for children and those with delicate digestions Try it

AT YOUR GROCER OR WRITE

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

COUPON

Painting Book for the Kiddies—10c
Big, beautiful 6x8—48 pages—12 magnificently colored pictures—12 painting charts—complete instructions to young artists—set of beautiful Japanese water colors—wonderfully interesting fairy story—cover in many colors and gold. Sent postage prepaid.

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THE NORTHWESTERN CONSOLIDATED MILLING COMPANY
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Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" and the set of Japanese water colors. CL-3

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Town.....
R. F. D.....
State.....

is hard, grate it. If you use ready-grated cheese, measure it out and set in a convenient place close by.

Light the broiler so that it will be heating and **put the serving plates where they will get warm,** ready for use.

Measure two tablespoonfuls of butter and one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour and place in a saucepan. Measure one cupful of milk and set on the stove where you can get it quickly when you are stirring the sauce.

Put the saucepan over the flame and stir while the butter melts and cooks with the flour. Cook very slowly and stir constantly. Add the milk, slowly, about a fourth cupful at a time, stirring continually so that the sauce cooks smooth each time before more milk is added. **When smooth, add half a teaspoonful salt and quarter teaspoonful paprika and stir.**

When the sauce is thus finished, **add the grated or cut-up cheese, stir in gently** and set aside in a warm place where the cheese will melt but not boil.

Fry four strips of bacon to a delicate brown, remove from the frying pan and place on a piece of brown paper or on a wire rack, to drain.

Broil the tomatoes. This is done by slipping the pan under the flame in the broiler and cooking them four minutes. The top of the tomato slices should be about two inches from the flame and they should be watched carefully that they do not scorch. When finished, place the pan on top of the oven to keep the tomatoes hot.

Toast the bread to a delicate brown, cut off the crusts and cut each piece into two triangles.

Give the sauce a final stir to make sure that the cheese is well blended and then you are ready for serving the dish—tomatoes, toast, bacon and cheese sauce all hot and waiting.

Isn't it fun to see them all in a row, ready to march onto the dining table? And make sure that your guests are ready to eat before you take things up, so that everything will be nice and hot.

Put two triangles of toast, side by side, on a plate. Lay one strip of bacon across. Put two slices of tomato on top the bacon, making each stay in place a-top a triangle of toast. Pour a generous serving spoonful of sauce over each tomato slice, add a sprig of parsley and serve immediately.

Doesn't it look pretty? And good? Wait till you taste it, and you'll think so, too.

A million mothers will welcome *this delicious New Food*

Isn't one of your biggest problems that of making your children *want to eat* what is best for them? "Goodies," lacking in nourishment, they devour. Body-building food they nibble, or leave untouched.

Now this new food solves the problem. *Tri-Motor!* Modern as the tri-motored airplane children dream about. A wholesome food in candy bar form, covered with purest, sweetest milk chocolate and inside—

here's the secret—

a crunchy center of *whole wheat* and *spinach. Delicious!* Grown-ups eat them because they are *good to eat.* So will your children. They won't know or care how *sensible* a food Tri-Motor is. They'll just love its taste.

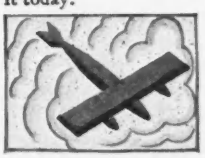
But you will know how wise you are to give them a Tri-Motor when they clamor for a sweet. Because Tri-Motor contains, in its spinach and whole wheat, *all* the five vitamins—A, B, C, D and E.

Vitamin A, you know, gives strength, makes good teeth, prevents eye diseases, decreases tendency to lung diseases. Vitamin B builds appetite, helps growth. Vitamin C builds health. Vitamin D makes strong bones, prevents rickets.

Product of science and the lifetime experience of food experts, carefully made in spotless kitchens, this pure, delicious candy-food is winning friends everywhere. Children, mothers, students, aviators—everybody finds Tri-Motor delicious.

Special Trial Offer

For your children's sake send today for a trial box of Tri-Motors. Twelve generous sized 10c bars, wrapped separately, in a box for the pantry shelf, postpaid to your door for $1.00. *Send No MONEY.* Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today.



P. S. You will enjoy a Tri-Motor yourself along about four o'clock in the afternoon.

TRI-MOTOR

A SECRET (for boys and girls)
Inside every Tri-Motor wrapper an autographed picture of some famous aviator who likes and eats Tri-Motor. Start your collection of pictures!

Mail this coupon today

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Please send me C. O. D. twelve 10c Tri-Motor bars for $1.00.

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Provide Health and Happiness for Little Folks.

The Strongest, Easiest Running and Best Looking.

They duplicate in quality the famous Iver Johnson Bicycles.

VELOCIPEDES—4 sizes. Finished in Red, Blue or Golden Enamel. $12.50 to $18.

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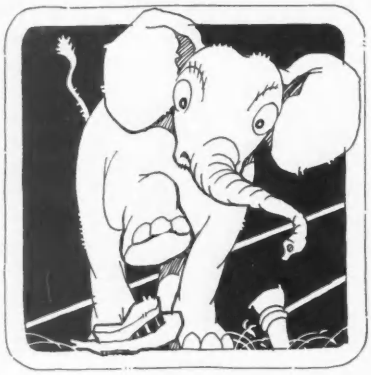

TIPPY ELEPHANT'S HAT

[*Continued from page 170*]

"I'll make myself at home," thought Tippy Elephant. And she did. But, the very first thing, she put that frisky right front foot down on the sand cakes.

"Oh, don't spoil our nice sand pile," called the little girl. But Tippy paid no heed.

Crash! Crash! And she stepped on the tin sand pail.

"Oh dear, let's give that baby elephant lumps of sugar," said the little boy. "Maybe she will not smash so many things." So they ran in the house and brought out the sugar bowl.

Certainly Tippy Elephant was a charming guest as she stepped up and received each lump of sugar with her trunk. Each time she took a lump, she made a bow.

"I like an elephant lunch like this," thought Tippy Elephant, swallowing very fast.

But between lumps, she would stretch out that right front foot, and crush a mud pie or step on a sand shovel, and once she put that frisky foot down on a poor rag doll.

"Let's give this elephant a present," said the boy. "Then she'll forget about crushing things."

"Let's give her my nice old hat," said the little girl. And Tippy Elephant leaned down while the little girl tied it on her head. It was a pretty hat with a pink flower perking up on the side.

"Oh, she looks lovely," said the little girl, as Tippy bowed "thank you."

And so excited was Tippy Elephant at having a hat, that she

These are *Sun-suit* days . . .

SUNLIGHT is an important factor in the life of the growing child. Mothers are learning this simple axiom for health. Children now are allowed to play in the sunshine, absorbing the sun's ultra-violet rays. "Doctor Sun" and the Jantzen *Sun-suit* will give a healthy coat of tan.

Designed under the supervision of a noted child specialist, the Jantzen *Sun-suit* is ideal for summer wear. Armholes, neck and trunks are cut away to allow a modest, yet ample exposure of the skin surface. Conveniently buttonless. Tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. Its warmth protects against changes in temperature; its elasticity provides for normal growth.

More healthful than loose garments that absorb the sun's rays. More economical than ordinary summer clothes. Saves laundering, too. See the new Jantzen *Sun-suits* at your favorite store. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Sun-suit

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS,
DEPT. 57, PORTLAND, OREGON.
Send me free booklet on Jantzen *Sun-suits* and *Sun-trunks*.

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Nazareth
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

New Styles for Spring and Summer

Before you buy any children's underwear, see the styles offered by stores which sell Nazareth Underwear.

You will find a variety of modern styles in lightweight, knit fabrics, as well as nainsooks, all at popular prices.

See the new step-in waist suits for girls; health suits for boys and girls; union suits, knit waists and infants' shirts. Every one of these garments bears the Nazareth label, a guarantee of fine quality and real service.

Remember, it isn't Nazareth Underwear if it doesn't carry the Nazareth label—look for it.

Ask your retailer to show you the Spring styles in Nazareth underwear

Style Joy—Price 50 cents

Illustrated above is Nazareth Style Joy—a girl's bleached, lightweight knit step-in waist suit. Band top; no sleeves; trunk leg; taped buttons where needed. Sizes 2/3 to 12/13.

Nainsook Suits at 50 cents

Nazareth makes taped and untaped suits for boys and girls, in sizes from 2/3 to 12/13. Ask your dealer for them.

Write for Catalog

if you are unable to get Nazareth Underwear at your dealer's

NAZARETH WAIST CO.

366 Broadway, Dept. L, New York City

Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

rushed out the gate at once.

"I must show my Mother Elephant my bea-u-ti-ful hat," thought Tippy, as she went tipping down through the field to the circus tent.

She certainly did not waste much time before she came running up to her Mother Elephant.

"Oh, how sweet you look, Tippy dear," trumpeted Mrs. Elephant when she saw her child rushing up in a hat. "I like your bonnet."

And Tippy Elephant turned slowly around to show how really becoming it was.

A giraffe stuck his head down to smell the flower and two monkeys came hurrying up to see if there were any nuts on it.

Soon up came Tippy's own keeper to take a look at his baby elephant.

"She sure is a cute baby," said the keeper, "though she be a bit frisky with that foot."

And Tippy Elephant, feeling especially lively, lifted up her trunk, took off her keeper's straw hat, threw it to the ground to crackle it, when—what do you think happened?

Tippy Elephant's own hat fell off, and she put her right front foot, smash, down on her lovely hat with the pink flower on it.

"Oh, my hat is a smashed hat," cried Tippy Elephant. And the elephant keeper, and the giraffe and the monkeys and Mrs. Elephant all looked at the flat hat.

"It is too bad, of course," said Mrs. Elephant, "but, Tippy, I do hope this will be a lesson to you. You know now how people feel when you tramp on their hats."

"Yes, Mother," said Tippy with tears in her eyes, as she looked at her hat on the ground. "I'll never do any more smashing. Never!"

And all the circus animals love Tippy Elephant now because she is a frisky little elephant, but she does not crackle pails, nor tin cans, nor balloons. She does not step on hats, and never does she put that frisky foot down on the monkeys' tails.

And even though Tippy's hat is a bit smashed, she often wears it, and her Mother Elephant thinks she looks lovely.

"Our Gang" Says

"Come on you kids . . . get in on this fun!"

THE famous little rascals in Hal Roach's "Our Gang" urge every boy and girl to have the same fun they are having—on "CHICAGOS."

Outdoor days are here — you'll enjoy games, races, hikes much more on "CHICAGOS" because they have such easy-running ball-bearing wheels, and the hard composition Rubber Tires not only give the greatest speed without noise, but outwear steel wheels two to one. Look for the *Guarantee Tag*, and be sure the roller skates you buy are

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates
"Speed Without Noise"

No. 181 Combination Super Skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups

From Your Dealer or Sent Direct for $4.00

Get this Pin Free

"Our Gang" and boys and girls everywhere belong to the "Roll on Rubber" Club. Many are forming local branches and becoming captains. Send 10 cents and your Dealer's Name, get free gold finish club pin, certificate of membership, book "How to Roller Skate," and instructions for forming local club.

New Double Tread "Triple-Ware" Steel Wheel Roller Skates

These New "Chicago" Skates are the Strongest — Speediest and Longest Life Skates made. *New Double Tread Steel Wheels* are guaranteed not to come apart.

Note Double Tread of Hardened Steel. Outer tread is crimped over Inner Bushing Tread and will last three times longer than other steel wheels.

No. 101 Steel Wheel Skate

Amazing Roller Skate Offer

Special Feature Price Only $2.25. Ask your dealer for "Chicago" Skates. If he doesn't carry them, send us his name with $2.25 and we will send skates postpaid. *Order Today!* **$2.25**

Chicago Roller Skate Co.

Established Over Quarter Century

4455 W. Lake Street Chicago, Ill.

Something New for CHILDREN ...of every age

Schools have changed. Life has changed. Something new had to be done for the children of every age.

Compton did it.

Compton's took all the learning in the world, made it intensely interesting by picture and story and yet kept it in encyclopedic form so that children could get at it. So in Compton's for the first time in all the centuries is the first complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form that the children and the youth of the world have ever had. It is called COMPTON'S *Pictured Encyclopedia*. By making their work more interesting, Compton's often means better marks in school for children of every age from Kindergarten through High. And these better marks in school give to young people THE HABIT OF SUCCESS which makes for LEADERSHIP in life.

Mail this coupon and see how children are already using Compton's in 40,000 schools and 300,000 homes.

Our Educational Director will send you a complete Pictured Sample Section of Compton's FREE. Also our FREE Questionario Game which measures the general knowledge of any child at any age. And she will tell you how you can have this wonderful Pictured Encyclopedia in your home for your children for as little as $3.50 Down.

Compton's makes children and young people love to learn. Here is the Coupon. Mail it now. Get the Sample Pictured Section and see how truly wonderful it is.

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Read this important coupon and mail it now

F. E. COMPTON & CO.
Dept. 9-24, Compton Bldg.
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Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name.....

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Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 176)

it is, that squat monster with the numerous levers and wheels. See the large trays emerge from it? They contain thousands of pieces of chalk which are dried in a kiln for many days, and then packed in various kinds of boxes. Some of this chalk is in very brilliant colors, as you can see.

"Binney and Smith has a magic stick called AN-DU-SEPTIC chalk that leaves no dust but makes a fine, clear picture. Giant machines knead the dough for this chalk and hydraulic presses squeeze it out through a die or form. The sticks are then cut, dried, and packed in stamped metal boxes to be sent to boys and girls to make magic with."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, almost falling over the edge in her excitement. "See the colors in *this* room!"

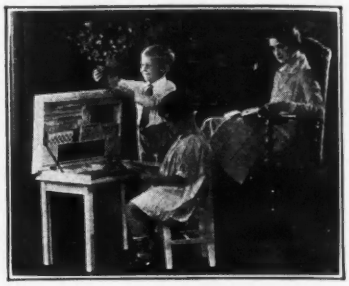
"This is the CRAYOLA Department where the famous CRAYOLA is made," nodded Fairy Beautiful. "See the barrels containing the colors ranging from the intense shades like the deep red of the tulip, to the delicate tints like the blush of an apple blossom? Busy men are mixing and blending the colors while chemists and inspectors keep them at their high standards."

"What are the kettles for?" asked Robert. "They're awfully big but they look like the ones mother cooks in!"

"You could almost call this a fairy kitchen in which soups of rainbow colors are prepared," laughed Fairy Beautiful. "You see, the colors and waxes for CRAYOLA are mixed here. The long row of machines in back of

(Continued on page 205)

...A Happy Offer To Child and Parent...



Let us send you a Sample PLAYSKOOL Lesson

For the child, two PLAYSKOOL Animal Cut-outs; for mother, an interesting booklet on Pre-School Training in the Home. Both will be sent you for ten cents in stamps or coin, together with an illustrated folder telling all about PLAYSKOOL and the PLAYSKOOL Extension Course.

Mail the Coupon Today

Your little one will be delighted with this simple instructive lesson. You will be amazed at his, or her, ability to work with such materials, and the hours of happy amusement they afford. Fill out and mail the coupon today, together with ten cents in stamps or coin, and the Animal Cut-out Lessons will be sent at once.

See PLAYSKOOL at Your Dealers

Progressive merchants everywhere are showing PLAYSKOOL. If your dealer hasn't it as yet, write for descriptive literature. Every child between the ages of 2 and 7 should have PLAYSKOOL.

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE
594 COMMERCE ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A DIVISION OF JOHN SCHROEDER LUMBER COMPANY

Merchants, write for dealer proposition

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE CL 4-29
Milwaukee, Wisconsin,

☐ I accept your offer. Enclosed find ten cents.
☐ I want only the PLAYSKOOL folder.

Name of Parent.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Teter-Rabbit

The Child's Gymnasium

Gives the kiddies endless pleasure, with sane, healthful exercise, indoors or out. Makes strong arms and sturdy legs. Safe, controlled spring action—no marring of floor or furniture. "A God-send to Mothers." A wonderful gift at any time. Full guarantee. Small size, 1½-3 yrs., $3.75. Large size, 3-6 yrs., $4.75. (Pony head optional). At your dealer or sent prepaid parcel post.

TETER-RABBIT COMPANY
674 E. Fort St. Detroit, Mich.

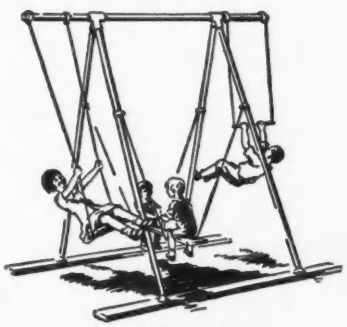
Healthy Fun for Children

MITCHELL Backyard Playground Apparatus encourages happy, healthy play for children. It keeps them off the streets, away from trucks and autos, and helps them grow up with strong bodies and keen minds. This equipment is safe, reasonable in price and built to withstand many years of rough treatment.

MITCHELL
BETTERBILT
Playground Apparatus

Mitchell Kiddie Slide

The Mitchell Kiddie Slide is a light weight portable device that will give the little tots many happy hours of healthy exercise. Can be used indoors or outdoors, requires little space and will last many years. Made in three sizes for children from 2 to 12 years of age.



Junior Swing Bob

This popular backyard playground device is built for safety as well as fun. It is portable and can be easily dismantled for moving or storage. Sturdily constructed of steel and malleable iron and attractively painted in green, red and gray.

MITCHELL MFG. CO.
1616 Forest Home Ave.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send your three-color catalog showing the complete line of Mitchell Betterbilt Playground Apparatus

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

[Continued from page 187]

This time we thought the people showed very good sense when they began to clap.

"Now if His Excellency will come forward with his three attendants," said Mr. Osborne, "it will be my great pleasure to award the prize."

There was more cheering and more applause as we led Miffles into the ring and stood before the Mayor. Really, though, we were rather embarrassed. The dog didn't seem to realize the seriousness of the thing at all; he barked and capered around just as informally as though he had been playing by himself in the yard at Belden Place. As for Patty, Jimmy and me, we were feeling awfully solemn.

"Miffles," said the Mayor in a very serious tone of voice, "now that you are an esteemed citizen of Fayetteville, it is my great pleasure to present you with this small token of our regard."

And would you believe it? Miffles lifted a paw to his mouth and yawned.

Fortunately, Mayor Osborne considered it a good joke and joined in with the laughter of the audience. "Your Excellency," I said sharply, "stand and salute."

And Miffles did.

Patty and Jimmy and I had been whispering together, and now we began whispering to Mayor Osborne. A moment later he raised his voice and made another announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the dog's attendants wish to present this twenty dollars to the fund now being raised for the benefit of the new day nursery. This means that the circus has netted a profit of exactly one hundred dollars."

Someone in the front row started to applaud again, but the Mayor held up his hand for silence. "However, before I can accept this sum, in behalf of the Woman's Club, I must know if this meets with the approval of the Mystery Dog.

"Your Excellency—" He looked down at our pet, still standing at salute—"what is your pleasure in the matter?"

"Woof-woof!" answered Miffles, as much as to say, "Of course!"

(The End)

next to Wings

WITH children, speed comes ahead of everything. The proudest and most popular always is the one who can outspeed the rest.

Rollfast Skates are the fastest, finest roller skates made today. Skate experts say so. In addition, they are sturdy, safe and long lasting.

ROLLFAST BALL BEARING ROLLER SKATES
Built close to the ground like a modern automobile. All parts carefully constructed of steel best suited for their particular purpose.

PATENTED FLEXIBLE REINFORCEMENT
This safety feature permits the skate to give freely. Yet extended to full length, Rollfast Roller Skates never sag or bend.

EASY RUNNING
Rollfasts run on self-contained dust-proof ball bearing wheels, with big ¼" steel balls mounted on rubber cushioned truck.

NON-RUSTING FINISH
Nickel finish on heel plates, toe plates and high back. Cadmium plated axles, nuts, pins, washers and other working parts.

ADJUSTABLE TO FIT ANY SIZE SHOE
Rollfasts are extensible from 7½ to 10½ inches—can be made to fit young or old.

LOOK FOR THE HANDSOME ROLLFAST BOX
Rollfasts are packed one pair to the box — a handsomely lithographed orange and blue container. Skate key, clock type, wrapped with each pair of Rollfasts.

Rollfast ball bearing roller skates are for sale wherever sporting goods, toys, hardware or bicycles are sold.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
536 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I KNOW

I know where the bluebird builds his nest,
I know where there is lovely water cress,
I know where the baby has her swing,
I know where the silver cobwebs cling,
I know when the moon comes out on the lawn,
I know when the farmer cuts golden corn!

JEAN KELLY,
Age 10. Roanoke, Va.

THE BLACK CROW

One morning when I opened the door, there sat a black crow on a box over the door. I gave him some food. He took it right out of my hands and flew away with it in his mouth. I don't know where he came from. He may have been a pet or he might have been left when all the other crows flew south.

He comes most every day. He must know I will feed him.

SAMMIE ALLEN,
Age 7. Conrad, Mont.

Dear Child Life:

For a whole year my little sister and I have had our magazine sent to us as a Christmas present. We have enjoyed it every month and I am sending a picture of us reading a copy.

My sister is Doris Jane Cook and she is four and a half years old. I am nine years old and I go to Lowell School.

Your little friend,

VIRGINIA FAY COOK,
Wheaton, Ill.

VIRGINIA AND DORIS COOK

SING, LITTLE BIRDIE, SING!

Sing, little birdie, sing,
Don't hide under your wing!
Sing, little birdie, sing,
For this is the first of Spring!

MARGARET TRANTHAM,
Age 8 Camden, S. C.

EASTER BUNNY

Funny, funny little bunny,
Hop, hop, hop!
Funny, funny little bunny
Stop, stop, stop!

JEAN HARRIS,
Age 10. Rochester, N. Y.

A NATURE STUDY

Have you ever watched grasshoppers wash themselves? I have. First, they wash their faces the way a cat does. Then they put their hind feet up to their mouths and rub them along their wings. Next they pull down their feelers one at a time with their front feet. They wash them by pulling them through their mouths. It is fun to watch them.

ILA JEAN MYERS,
Age 10. Medfield, Mass.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I received my membership card and had it framed. I think it is very pretty, and so do all my classmates that have seen it. Some of them take my magazine, too, and belong to the Joy Givers' Club. I hung my card by the top of my bed, so when I wake up in the morning I can see it, and try to give joy all day.

I made up a poem about "April Rain," that I hope you will publish.

APRIL RAIN

I think God sends the April rain
To make the flowers grow again.
It fills the brook, where birds can drink;
That's why God sends the rain, I think.

JULIA MONTGOMERY,
Age 12. Williamstown, Mass.

SPRING SONG

Underneath the snow,
Where the green grasses grow,
Soon a lily bud,
Will begin to show.

Age 8 ELIZABETH GLEASON

Journeys to Advertising Land

(*Continued from page 202*)

the kettles are moulders. The fairy soup is put in there and if you watch closely you can see the masses of colored crayons appear from the very holes in which the soup was poured!" This delighted the children. "In this large room with the many glass windows a steady click goes up all day. This is the machine which labels the crayons." The children watched the steel fingers of another machine open and fold a box and tuck in the flaps on the end around the crayons.

"There is a funny machine in the WATER COLOR Department," said Fairy Beautiful. "It chews up coarse materials and pigment for the ARISTO SEMI-MOIST PAINT, and grumbles, 'Finer, finer, finer,' as it chews. Remember the paint pans in your Binney and Smith paint boxes? This machine pours just the right amount of paint into thousands of such pans. After they are dried, girls pack them into boxes to suit the demands of children all over the world. TEMPORA paint is made much the same. This paint is so fine that a tiny bit dropped into a glass of water takes days to settle. And our magic paint brushes must meet strong competition like that," Fairy Beautiful laughed, fluttering her wings. "Now you know all about the fairies' rivals, Binney and Smith, and I suppose you'll put us fairies to shame with your magic Binney and Smith wands!"

"I guess we shall," laughed the children, already eager to try out the ideas which the fairy squad had given them.

"We're going to invite some friends over this afternoon for a CRAYOLA Party, and *then* you'll see what pretty things we can make!"

Dear Miss Waldo:

St. Louis is a lively city. Our highest buildings are the Bell Telephone Company and Missouri Pacific Railroad.

Our Municipal Airport was voted for and when finished will be the largest in the United States. St. Louis is a very large center of aviation, both mail and passenger lines. As you might know, St. Louisians were very disappointed when the news broke that the giant airship, the Graf (Count) Zeppelin, would not make a midwest tour.

I hear a lot about your city and long to visit it. If I should ever be able, I would not overlook "Child Life" office.

A "hope-to-be" member,

FRED DOERNER,
Age 10. St. Louis, Mo.

SIAM

Siam is located in the southeastern part of Asia, on the Indo-China Peninsula, extending into the Malay Peninsula. It is a very interesting country.

I suppose most of you saw the picture, "Chang." The tiger and the leopard part was taken in the back yard where I was born. We did not live there when they took the picture, for some years before we had moved down to the capital of Siam, Bangkok; but it was the same old house that I was born in. The picture was taken in many parts of Siam.

Now I will tell you something about Siam. The total population is about 10,000,000 and about one-tenth of the population live in Bangkok. Siam is independent and the king is the Supreme Ruler. The state religion of Siam is Buddhism, and it is the only independent Buddhist kingdom in the world. Beautiful temples are numerous.

Bangkok is a very big city, and has all kinds of vehicles. Some of them are cars, carriages, tramcars or trolleys and rickshas. Some of the cars are Italian and English, and there are all kinds of American cars. My father is the principal of the Bangkok Christian College for Boys. It is a school for Siamese boys with American and Siamese teachers. There are about 400 miles of good roads in Bangkok and there are many European and Siamese stores here. Siamese money is not much different from American money. Two and one-half ticals make one dollar. Ticals and satangs are the names for Siamese money.

The climate in Siam is so hot that you have to go away from the city for two months to the seashore where most missionaries go. At that, it is quite hot. If you do not wear a tope you would get a sunstroke. A tope is a hat to protect you from the sun. I think that is all.

ROBERT PALMER,
Auburn, N. Y.

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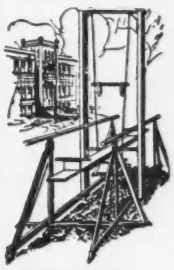

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THE MAGIC FAMILY

CHAPTER I

Once there was a cute little magic house up on the hill, and the fairy who came from the smoke was named Fairy Perfume, who was the queen of fairies. She was the most loveliest little fairy in the world. She was the most prettiest little red and yellow fairy with beautiful brown curls and yellow wings.

The house was the most beautifulest little house that there could be. There was the prettiest garden inside the house and it was all filled with flowers, and whenever the fairy came there it was full of delicious prefume. There was a little teeny woods over in one corner of the garden with lots of lovely soft moss, and every evening at eight o'clock, the fairies would come and dance till daybreak, while the queen was sitting on the throne throwing her delicious perfume about. There was a lovely magic car belonging to that house. The driver sat way up in front on a very high stool, and the steering wheel was in the shape of a face and had an eye in it, and the wheels were its feet and there was a comfy bed out in back. It had steps just like a ladder up at the front door and a cute little brass door bell.

The little house had lovely flowers in its window, too, and one day the little girl who lived there came outdoors and looked way up in the sky and saw an airplane, and she said, "Lindy, Lindy, up where it's windy," and just then she saw Fairy Perfume, and instead she sang, "Hello, Fairy Perfume, and how-do-you-do." Just then she heard a roaring noise, and she looked down from seeing Fairy Perfume and saw the magic car come speeding by, and in the back in that comfy bed was a person sound asleep, and up in front with the driver was a basket, and when the driver lifted the basket down she saw her brand new little puppy. She picked him out of the basket and hugged him tight and said, "Your name is Puppy Perfume, and that magic little puppy jumped up and said, "Bow, wow, I like you," and the little girl said, "Now I will tell you Chapter II."

CHAPTER II

The little puppy fell fast asleep in her arms and she put him gently down in the basket and carried him into the house, and just then down the chimney came Fairy Perfume. She said, "Oh, my goodness, what a cute little puppy this is!" Just then the little puppy woke up and said, "Bow, wow, wow, tell me a story," so the little girl began, and just then Fairy Perfume said, "Hush, hush, the dance has begun. I will have to go." The little girl went over in the mossy corner of the room to watch the fairies dance. Then she said to the puppy, "I will tell you a story now.

"Once there was a sweet little garden in the corner of a room, and the people stood there watching it and then they saw some fairies come dancing in and out and a little whiskie, friskie squirrel scampering there about, and just then he heard a little shout, and then he turned and scampered in and out—"

And just then, "Stop, stop," said Fairy Perfume, and the little girl looked up with great surprise and saw her puppy dancing up and down in the air, and she quickly picked him up and put him in his basket; and away went Fairy Perfume, and there she was all alone with nobody there but puppy, and so she decided to go to the seashore. And when she got there she saw a rowboat way out in the middle of the pink and blue ocean, and she said, "Come, little rowboat, come to me ashore," and with nobody in it, it came speeding up on to shore, and just when she was going to get

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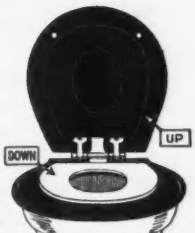

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into it, she heard a roaring noise, and she said, "That must be the car coming for me," and to her surprise, puppy was way out in the middle of the pink and blue ocean in the rowboat dancing up and down for joy. When she looked up and saw the magic car she felt something tickling her neck. She turned around and whom should she see but puppy, but as soon as she went to pick him up he was out of sight. She turned around again to see whether the car was gone, and whom should she see but puppy! She jumped in the car and put puppy on her lap and they went home, and when they got home the little girl said to puppy, "Get ready for Chapter III."

CHAPTER III

The little puppy jumped up and combed his hair and washed his hands and face and was ready for Chapter III. And then the little girl put him in his basket and filled it up with flowers, and she put on her best dress, got the birthday present, and took puppy into the car and off they went to the birthday party. And when they got there all the children were so surprised that they jumped up and down for half an hour. When supper time came, the puppy instead of eating supper went sound asleep in his basket. And when supper was finished the car went roaring by and turned around in a speed and almost went too fast to stop there. The little girl picked puppy up in his basket of roses and went off home, and she just got home in time to see the fairies dancing. Puppy was so glad to get home that he jumped up and down, and up and down, up and down, and up and down. And then puppy said, "Take these flowers out of my basket," and the little girl said, "You're very rude, Puppy Perfume," and Puppy Perfume said, "No, I'm not." And the little girl said, "I'll spank you," and the puppy said, "No, you won't," in a very cross expression, and the little girl said, "Yes, I will," and she got a stick and spanked him hard and he went, "Bow-wow-wow. Bow-wow-wow. Bow-wow-wow," in a very cross expression all the night long, and the family could not get to sleep that night. And the next morning the little girl said to him, "You won't go to a party in Chapter IV."

CHAPTER IV

One day the little girl said, "Puppy, would you like to go over in the magic corner of the room?" "Yes," said Puppy, and the little girl said, "Aren't you being rude again?" "Please," said Puppy. "Now you may go," said the little girl, and at eight o'clock that evening he went, and all the little fairies said, "What a sweet little puppy this is, Let's make him our king." And the next morning when the little girl woke up, there in the middle of the room sat Puppy with a crown and a robe on, in a beautiful golden throne. The little girl was so happy to find he was the fairy king because every evening at eight o'clock he was sure to be home. He had some of the queen's perfume, and that is why he was called "Puppy Perfume." Puppy Perfume said to the fairies, "Will this be the end of the story?" and all the fairies said, "Yes, this will be the end of the story."

MARY BARTLETT GIBNEY,
Age 6. Pelham Manor, N. Y.

LITTLE WIND

Little Wind, blow on the hilltop,
Little Wind, blow down the plain,
Little Wind, blow up the sunshine,
Little Wind, blow off the rain.

Written when aged 9 CHOLETT GRISWOLD
Battle Creek, Mich.

MOTHER WILL SAY "YES"
when you ask for Cracker Jack

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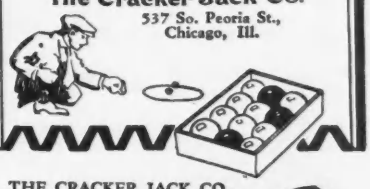

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NOTICE TO JOY GIVERS

Original contributions intended for the Joy Givers' department of the July issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than April 30. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, interesting pets, etc.—these to be accompanied, if you wish, by your photograph. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space, we are always glad to hear from you.

WALTER HERBERT JACKSON

OUR APRIL BUNNY

We have a little bunny.
I wish that you might see,
How sweet he is, and gentle,
When he plays with me.

When my father brought him home,
(I was sound asleep)
He called me and from his arms,
I saw two bright eyes peep.

I sat up quickly in my bed,
Indeed, 'twas not just seeming,
For I stroked bunny's coat and ears,
And found I wasn't dreaming.

We made for him a nice soft bed,
And left him there to rest.
I brought a cabbage leaf, and other things,
But he liked the carrots best.

He makes no noise but goes about,
As quietly as he can.
He's always pleasant as can be,
This funny, bunny gentleman!

WALTER HERBERT JACKSON,
Age 7½. Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a Japanese girl. When I was three years old, I went to Japan with my father, mother, two brothers, and a sister. We stayed at my grandmother's house. She lived in the country. Around her house she had many trees. Some of them were mulberry trees, chestnut trees, persimmon trees, and cherry trees. In back of her house runs a little stream. Often my grandfather catches fishes for dinner.

I do not have any pets, but my father has beautiful goldfishes.

Sincerely yours,
MARY SAWAHATA,
Riverside, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

You might be interested to know that I have taken many good parts in motion pictures. I was the little crippled girl in "The Making of O'Malley" with Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill, noted stars of the screen.

I was Lady Gay in "Timothy's Quest," when I was only five years of age. I had such a nice trip in Maine, while making it.

I would be so pleased if you would use my poem in your magazine.

Very sincerely yours,
HELEN ROWLAND,
New York City.

IN MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

In my mother's garden, sweetest flowers grow,
Last summer the flowers had a fashion show.

Miss Rose, the queen, was adorned in red,
While the Buttercups in yellow were nodding their heads.

The Lilies in their white bridal gown
Were swaying all over the gay flowers' town.

The Sweet Peas were clad in pastel hues,
And the Morning-glories were dressed in the early dews.

The dainty little Violets were all in charming blue,
While the tall elegant Tulips were smiling up at you.

The bushy Lilacs in lavender and white
Were spreading their perfume round the garden bright.

HELEN ROWLAND
New York City

MARIAN SPRAGUE

Dear Child Life:

I live on a farm. Every spring my father makes maple syrup in the woods.

For pets I have a dog, a cow, five cats and a pony. Our cats' names are Trixy, Spotty, Mumpsy, Bright-eyes, and Johnny. Our dog's name is Jack, and the pony's is Prince. I am sending you a picture of me standing on the pony.

MARIAN SPRAGUE,
Vermontville, Mich.